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SIXPENCE.

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THE MIGHT OF THE NEW BRITISH ARTILLERY: A BIG HOWITZER IN ACTION DURING THE GREAT ADVANCE.

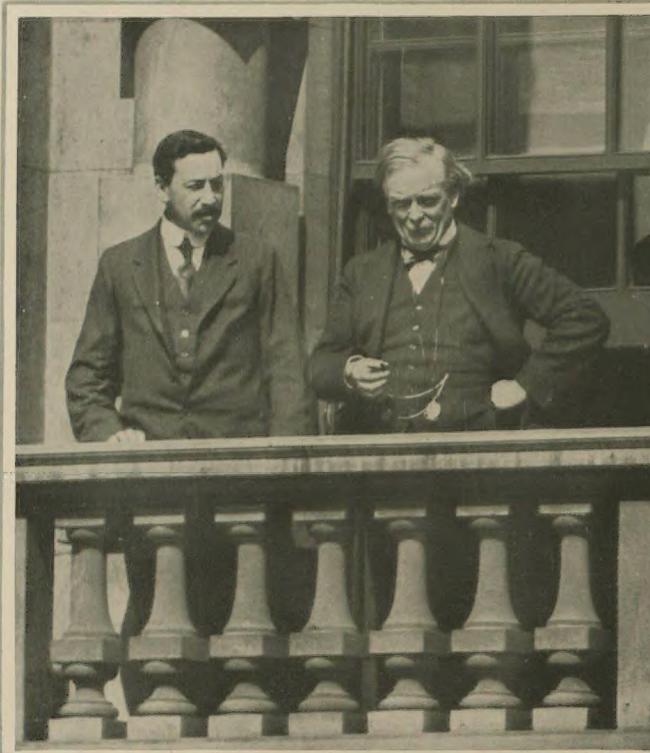
The enormous accession of strength to the British artillery, made since the war began as a result of the national effort in the manufacture of ordnance and munitions, has been the enabling cause of the successful offensive. Given the machinery, the men of the new armies have used it with the utmost skill and courage. An artillery officer, for example, writing home during the advance, said recently: "My gunners were splendid;

I have lost good officers and gallant men, but they worked their guns with great accuracy and effect, and without a moment's cessation by day or night for 10 days, and I don't believe any artillery have ever had a higher or a longer test, or did it more splendidly. . . . And these men a year ago not even soldiers—much less gunners. Isn't it magnificent, and enough to make the commander of such men feel uplifted?"

ALL TAKING A HAND IN THE GREAT WAR: GROUPS AND FIGURES IN THE WOMEN'S WAR PROCESSION IN LONDON.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., PHOTOPRESS, ALFIERI,

L.N.A., AND SPORT AND GENERAL.



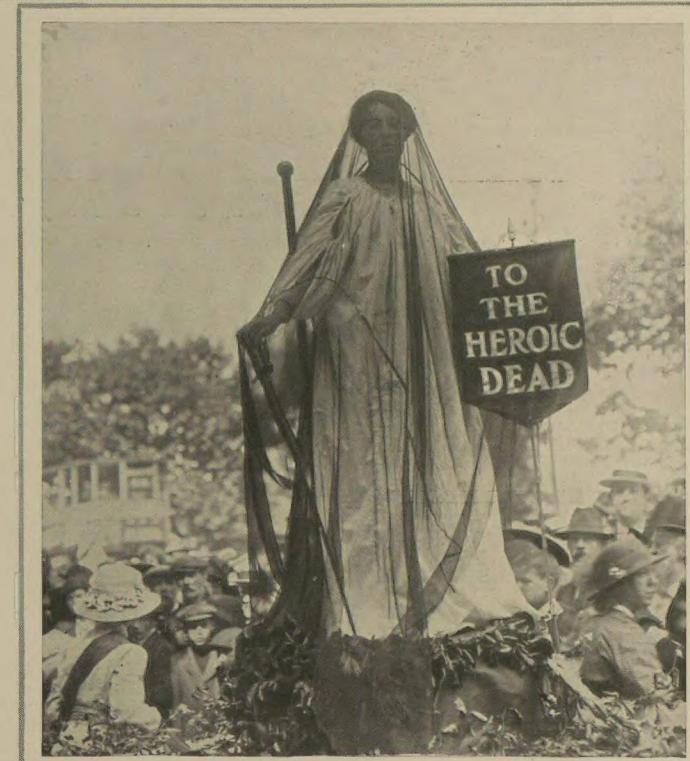
THE NEW WAR MINISTER AND THE HOME SECRETARY WATCH THE PROCESSION: MR. LLOYD GEORGE (ON THE RIGHT) AND MR. HERBERT SAMUEL.



A PICTURESQUE FIGURE IN THE "PAGEANT OF THE ALLIES": MISS FARMER-BRINGHURST AS JOAN OF ARC.



AN ARCHANGEL IN THE "PAGEANT OF THE ALLIES": MISS OLIVE TERRY RIDING ON HORSEBACK AS ST. MICHAEL.



A TRIBUTE TO "THE HEROIC DEAD": A SYMBOLIC WAR-TABLEAU SPECIALLY DESIGNED IN HONOUR OF OUR FALLEN SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.



WEARING RESPIRATOR-VEILS: A STRIKING GROUP OF HEARTILY APPLAUSED WAR-WORKERS.



THE PROCESSION IN WHITEHALL: WOMEN "FROM THE FITTING SHOP" AND (IN THE BACKGROUND) ONE OF MANY BANNERS DEMANDING THE RETURN OF MR. HUGHES.



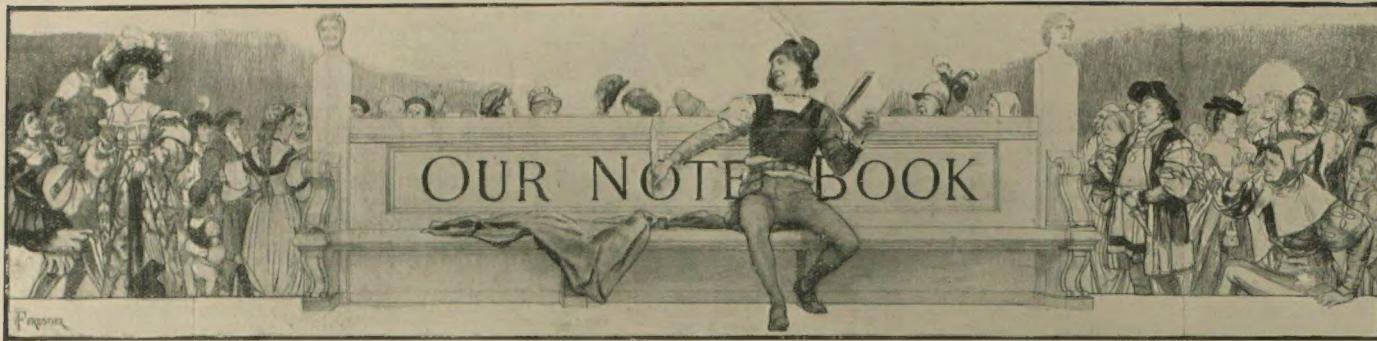
WAR-WORKERS WHO WERE CHEERED BY THE WAR MINISTER AND WAVED THEIR GLEAMING SHELL-CASES IN RETURN: WOMEN MUNITION-MAKERS.



TROUSERED FOR AGRICULTURAL WORK: REPRESENTATIVES OF "WOMEN ON THE LAND."

The War Procession organised by the Women's Social and Political Union and held in London on Saturday, July 22, was a great success. The ladies were fortunate in the day, for the Clerk of the Weather had provided a welcome interval of sunshine amid a dull and rainy period. Every branch of women's war work was represented, and the result indicated what a large and important share they are taking in the national effort towards victory. The pageant must have done much to stimulate other women to respond to the calls that are still being made for their help in munition-making, agriculture, and other fields of activity. The munition-makers, in particular, received a very hearty welcome from the assembled crowds. Some called out, "Are we down-hearted?" and soldiers looking on shouted "No!" Others cried, "Do we like overtime?" but the reply was left to the imagination. Many of the women had been working on the

previous night's shift, and sacrificed their day's rest to join the procession. As the munition-makers passed the War Office, they were cheered from a balcony by the new War Secretary, Mr. Lloyd George, with whom was Mr. Herbert Samuel. In acknowledgment the women waved their glittering shell-cases. In other parts of the procession a large number of bannerets expressed the wish that the Premier of Australia, Mr. W. M. Hughes, should return to this country and take a hand in the direction of affairs. Some of the women who represented agriculture were attired in trousers, as seen in the lower photograph on the extreme right. Among other war-time occupations for women represented were those of railway employees, bus-conductors, clerks, window-cleaners, and sweeps. At the head of the nurses was a relative of Florence Nightingale.



BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

If we suppose that a lie which is half a truth is ever the blackest of lies, we must frankly concede to the Germans that their lies against England are very white lies indeed. The crimes of which the German Press accuses us are things to which we have never been tempted, or even imagined ourselves as tempted. They are not so much things to which our will never sank as things to which our imagination never rose. I find a paragraph like this, for instance, quoted from the *Vossische Zeitung*: "The Association for Germanism in Foreign Countries has received a communication

ordinary Englishman's head from one end of the war to the other. Now it would, I regret to say, be quite possible to quote random remarks by individual Englishmen which might well embarrass and embitter the Alliance. An Englishman might make all kinds of idiotic remarks to a Russian; but not that remark. He might suppose that the Russian lived on tallow candles; but he would not say that he was going to attack Russia at the end of the war. It would mean a certain type of far-sightedness, a certain type of megalomania, a certain type of clear-headed conspiracy and cynical imagination about Continental affairs, which are at every point incompatible with the English vices as much as the English virtues. It has been the fatal and obstinate fallacy of the Germans throughout this war that England has been their powerful and particular enemy, that England engineered whatever enmity there may have been against them in the world. The fact of the matter was that England was almost the only country in the world where the problem of Prussian cynicism and rapacity was not realised at all. I can myself remember being considered merely moonstruck and morbid by most of my countrymen because I always thought the spoliation of France in 1870 a wrong that cried to heaven for vengeance. Everybody else in Europe understood that feeling, even if he did not share it; the average educated Englishman was the only civilised man in the world who did not. Not content with being so wildly far from the fact as this, the German has flung his fancy yet further afield. He not only thinks we deserved this war, which we did not even foresee; he now thinks we also deserved another war which we never so much as dreamed of. And the need is immediately supplied by the testimony of these mysterious Muscovites, to whom the most abominable secrets of our black diplomacy are casually confided; and who then feel ashamed and go to reside in Norway, where they relieve their feelings by telling this story and having it told to them over and over again, without ever getting tired of it. And all the time there are weaknesses and absurdities in England and the English policy which simply gape at the German, and are not so much holes as caverns. But I am not going to tell him what they are.

But if the German slanders are so wide of the mark that they are almost compliments, it is even more true that German compliments have a curious way of being insults. If anyone really fails to understand what we mean when we say that the Prussian spirit is a poisonous insolence, destructive of the whole moral health of humanity, let him look at Prussian utterances, not when they are meant to be malignant, but when they are meant to be amiable. The Prussian's friendliness is more offensive than anyone else's brutality—indeed, it is more brutal. A compilation called the *Cambridge Magazine* appears at intervals, and is a kind of scrap-book of foreign comments on the war. In its own words, it is "not intended to offer a comprehensive survey of the opinions in the Press of any country, but to supplement what may be found in English papers." But I do not think that those who produce it would demur to the addition that they mean to supplement it, so far as the German Press is concerned, with evidences of a more genial German spirit, which may not be found in the English papers for reasons which are natural enough. And yet, for anyone who knows and hates the smell of self-complacency, and a cold and coarse conceit, the more magnanimous extracts printed in this sheet will be more provocative than a Hymn of Hate. "A little story entitled 'German

Hatred' describes a deep change of feeling." It proceeds to explain how a German soldier who had gone to the war with a hatred of everything French, English, or Russian came back with sentiments which are supposed to be much more benevolent. I cannot see myself that there has been "a deep change of feeling"—or, strictly speaking, anything that deserves to be called feeling at all, except a feeling of self-satisfaction. The Prussian officer has the same frozen *idée fixe* of natural superiority and supremacy before his enlightenment and after. This is how he praises the French, for instance; and the first sentence of it is printed by the *Cambridge Magazine* in very large letters: "However—the French!—I take off my hat to them. They defend themselves as though their great Emperor were still alive. It won't save them; but I am glad all the same that my old love for them needn't be buried after all." Everything that is wrong with Prussia is wrong with those words: the ignorance of history, the ignorance of humility, the ignorance of the chivalry of chances. Note the necessity of dragging in Napoleon, some miraculous foreign man of genius, to explain the fact that the French should fight well: the French who had rolled Europe in the dust of defeat, in war after war, a thousand years before Napoleon was born or thought of, and who were the military masters of Europe centuries before the Germans had learned from them the very military terminology which they still employ. Note the blind and brainless certainty of success, in that gallant and desperate game where no such certainty is ever possible. "It won't save them"; really, the inevitable and invariable failure of French soldiers in war is



A PUPIL OF WHISTLER: THE LATE CYRUS CUNEO.

Many interested in the world of art will have heard with regret that the clever artist, Cyrus Cuneo, whose work is so familiar to our readers through the medium of many striking pictures in this paper, died on July 23, after a very short illness, at the early age of thirty-seven. His bold, vigorous style, clever characterisation, and vivid contrasts of light and shadow, gave strength to his drawings, which, too, were always inspired by some healthy human feeling. Cyrus Cincinnatus Cuneo was born in San Francisco, of Italian parents, and studied in Paris with Whistler and other masters—a combination of influences which may account for the cosmopolitan range of his art. His colleagues mourn him sincerely.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]

from a confidential person in Bergen (Norway), who states that a number of Russians who had reached Norway from England had told a friend of his that a Norwegian who had spoken with these Russians heard that the Russians had had an opportunity of witnessing the drilling of the new English armies, and had learned much about the British spirit. The Russians asked why these troops were not sent out to the front in order to assist their Allies. The reply they received from an authority was, "Oh, no; these soldiers remain in England. We shall require them ourselves to fight France and Russia." The Russians were filled with shame, and left England at once."

There seem to be too many confidential persons in this story, and my head is in something of a whirl as to who told what to whom. I do not think it is a very good story; but it seems to have been told a great many times, by various people to each other—and even, in a circuitous manner, by some people to themselves. I cannot understand why the Russians should not have said what they had to say to the confidential person's friend, instead of saying that they had said so to a wholly unnecessary Norwegian; but perhaps this only means that some network of German syntax has given under the strain of translation. But what interested me about the story itself, when I got to it at last, was that it expressed an idea which I am quite certain would never have come into an



A FAMOUS MAN OF SCIENCE: THE LATE SIR WILLIAM RAMSAY, K.C.B., F.R.S., ETC.

A great man in the world of science was lost by the death of Sir William Ramsay, on July 23, at Beechcroft, Hazlemere, High Wycombe, at the age of sixty-three. Sir William was one of the best-known men of science of his day, and half the learned societies of Europe had made him an honorary member. Chemistry was in his blood; for he came of a family who had been students and investigators of chemical processes for generations. His own name has been associated chiefly with his discovery of the "inert" gases of the atmosphere. He added, it has been said, "three more substances to the list of the elementary bodies."—[Photograph by Elliott and Fry.]

quite touching, and brings a tear to the Teutonic eye. Of course he talks of "the French charm." Will nothing teach this fool that he is talking about the charm of red-hot iron?

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THE BRITISH OFFENSIVE IN THE WEST: CLOSE BEHIND OUR FIGHTERS.



TO SUPPLY THE TROOPS WITH DRINKING WATER THAT CAN BE TRUSTED: HAULING A CONDENSING-MACHINE THROUGH A SHELLED VILLAGE.



FOR KEEPING THE WATER-SUPPLY TANKS AT THE FRONT FILLED FROM THE MAIN SOURCE IN REAR: PIPES FOR A TEMPORARY PIPE-LINE.



SOME OF THE "BOYS" WHO ARE FIGHTING THEIR WAY FORWARD WITH BULLETS, BOMBS, AND BAYONETS: LONDON SCOTTISH MARCHING UP.



THE FEEDING OF THE FIRST-LINE TROOPS FROM DAY TO DAY: REGIMENTAL PARTIES COLLECTING RATIONS FOR THEIR UNITS AT A COMMISSARIAT "DUMP."



THE NEVER-CEASING ACTIVITY OF THE A.S.C.: A CONTINUOUS LINE OF BRITISH MOTOR TRANSPORT-WAGONS ON THE ROAD—A TEMPORARY HALT.

These are photographs taken at places immediately in rear of where the attacking battalions of Sir Douglas Haig's army are successfully fighting their way forward. The first shows a working party, all steel-helmeted, as they are within range of the enemy's shrapnel, bringing forward a condensing-engine for supplying pure water to the troops ahead, across broken ground amid the ruins of a village within the battlefield zone. Owing to the danger of men drinking promiscuously from wells and other wayside sources probably contaminated, the soldiers are regularly supplied from camps in rear with the water for their water-bottles. The second illustration shows a trolley-load of water-pipes being pushed forward along a light railway line, in order to be laid down for

filling the tanks where camp and trench supplies are stored for distribution in the front line. In the third illustration a battalion of the London Scottish, kilted as usual, and wearing steel helmets, is marching to take part in action. A roadside scene at a "dump," the temporary place where commissariat stores are dumped down from the depot transport-wagons, to be carried off by regimental quartermasters' staffs, is seen in the fourth illustration. The last illustration of motor transport-wagons on a winding road will give an idea of the vastness of the organisation that furnishes the troops in the field with their daily food. It suggests incidentally why we must economise in petrol.

THE BRITISH MAIN ATTACK: HACKING THROUGH TO VICTORY.

OFFICIAL PRESS BUREAU PHOTOGRAPHS (CROWN COPYRIGHT RESERVED) AND CANADIAN OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS (GOVERNMENT COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)



A GAP MADE BY THE GUNS IN A GERMAN BARBED-WIRE ENTANGLEMENT: A CLEAR PASSAGE, WITH A SHELL-HOLE BEYOND BIG ENOUGH TO HOLD A MAN.



ONE WAY OF DESTROYING GERMAN ENTANGLEMENT BARRIERS: A WELL-PLACED HIGH-EXPLOSIVE SHELL BURSTING.



"BLIND": A GERMAN 12-INCH SHELL WHICH FELL WITHOUT EXPLODING.



"BLIND": A DOUBLE SHELL FROM A MINENWERFER WHICH DID NOT EXPLODE.



THE ALMOST SUPERHUMAN COURAGE OF OUR SOLDIERS: A DUG-OUT TAKEN IN HAND-TO-HAND FIGHTING AT CONTALMAISON.



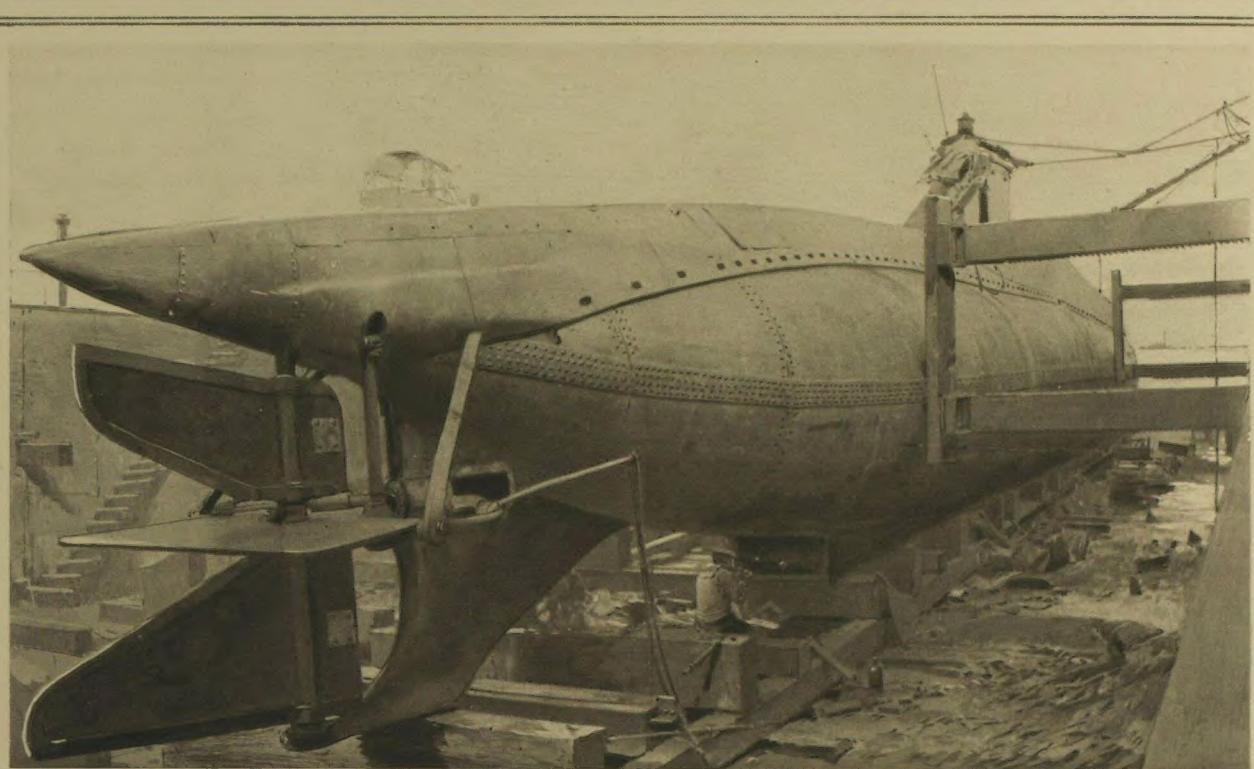
ANOTHER APPARENTLY IMPEGNABLE DUG-OUT STORMED AT CONTALMAISON: THE ENTRANCE LEADING UNDERGROUND.

Severe and continuous bombardment with high-explosive shells fired to burst on impact with the ground is the only means by which it is possible to blast a way through the wide and deep barriers of barbed wire in front of the German trench lines. The effect of such a bombardment is seen in the upper illustration. In the centre a clear opening has been driven, the barbed wire on either side being blown by the shell-explosions into tangled heaps, looking like the matted brambles of a hedge-row. The depth of the hole where a shell drops is shown by the figure of the soldier, in the hole up to his armpits. The second illustration shows the dense black smoke of a high-explosive

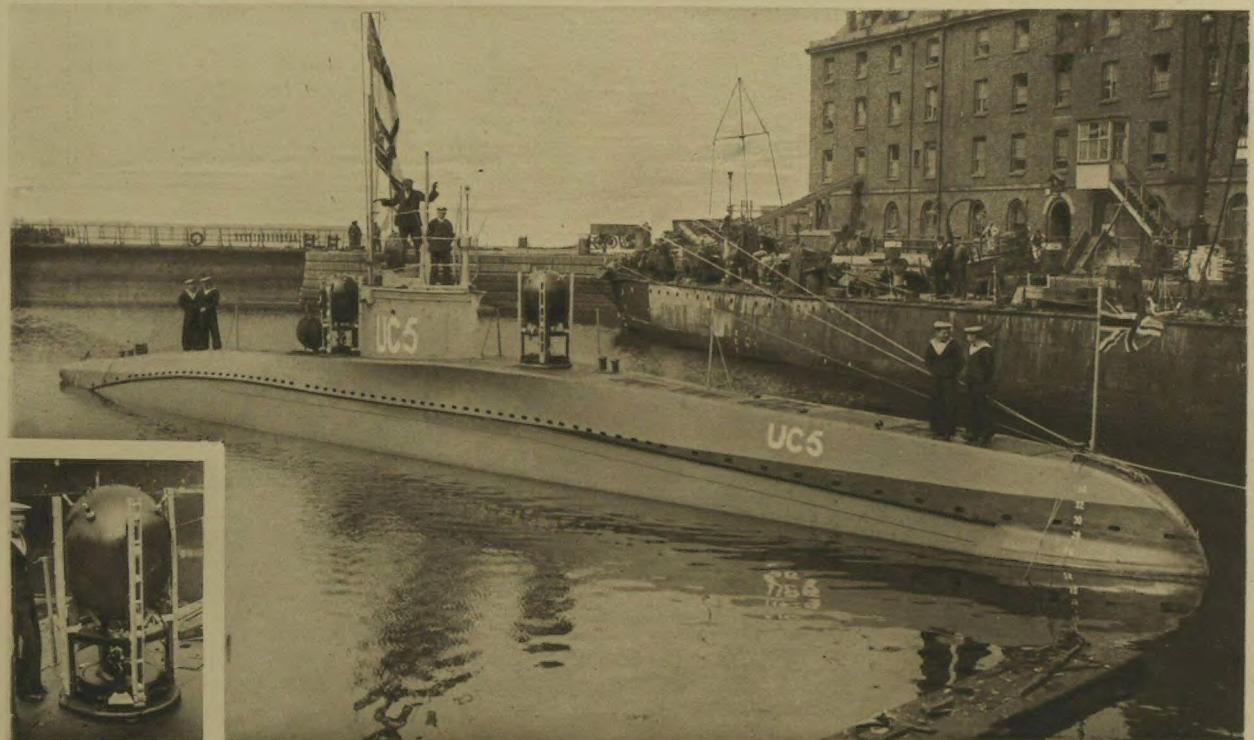
shell skilfully placed burst exactly in the midst of the barbed wire. The third illustration shows a German 12-inch (850-lb.) shell that fell harmlessly—the copper band towards the rear end of the shell is deeply scored by the rifling of the gun that fired it. A German double-bomb from a trench-mortar—looking like a giant dumb-bell—is shown in the fourth illustration, as photographed where it fell. In the fifth and sixth photographs we see parts of German dug-outs at Contalmaison, near the place where the Prussian Guard fought. The dug-outs were of exceptional depth and were taken by us, retaken, and taken again. In many of them our men had to fight hand to hand.

A GERMAN SUBMARINE MINE-LAYER NOW OFF TEMPLE PIER: THE "UC 5."

DRAWING (MADE BY SPECIAL PERMISSION) BY FRÉDÉRIC DE HAENEN; PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N.



BEFORE RECEIVING A FRESH COAT OF PAINT: THE CAPTURED GERMAN SUBMARINE MINE-LAYER "UC 5" IN A DRY DOCK IN ENGLAND.



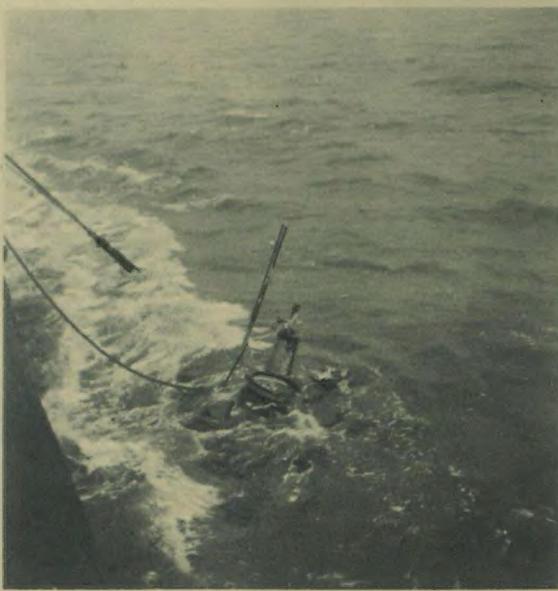
FLYING THE BRITISH NAVAL ENSIGN ABOVE THE GERMAN FLAG: THE CAPTURED MINE-LAYER "UC 5," FRESHLY PAINTED, LYING IN DOCK—WITH ONE OF HER MINES SHOWN IN THE INSET PHOTOGRAPH.

It was announced in the House of Commons recently that the Admiralty proposed to bring a captured German submarine of the mine-laying type—"UC 5"—up the Thames, to lie alongside Temple Pier for a fortnight beginning on Wednesday, July 26. During that time, it was arranged, the vessel should be on view to the public every day (including Sundays) from 10 a.m. to 9 p.m., a small charge (6d. up to 1 p.m., and 3d. thereafter) being made for admission to the pier, in order to facilitate the regulation of traffic. The proceeds are to be devoted to naval and merchant service charities, and

partly to the police orphanage. The "UC 5" was captured by a British destroyer off the East Coast and was brought into dock. There she was given a fresh coat of light-grey paint, with vermillion for the hand-rails. The British naval ensign was flown above the German flag from the mast on the conning-tower, indicating that the craft was a naval prize. Particulars of her capture are given on the next page, and on the one following that some details regarding the mechanism for laying mines shown in the small photograph above.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

A FOE TO NEUTRAL AS WELL AS BRITISH SHIPPING: "UC 5" CAPTURED.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N.



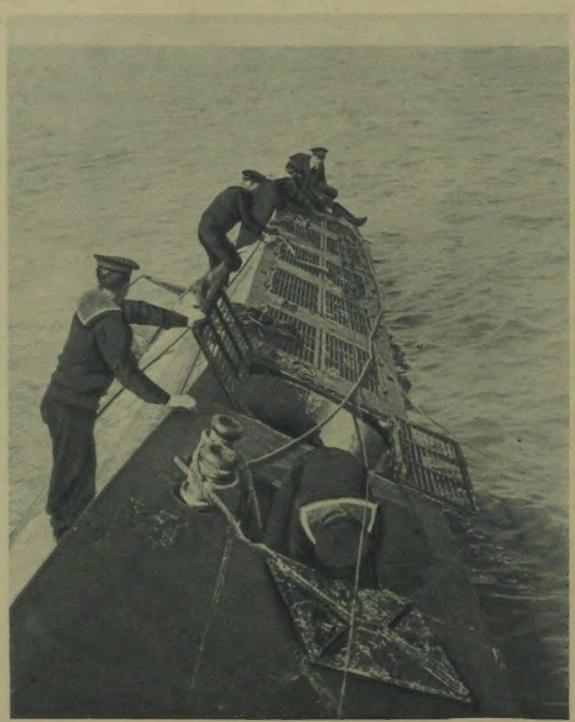
A GERMAN SUBMARINE MINE-LAYER CAUGHT IN THE NORTH SEA: THE CONNING-TOWER AWASH AS SEEN FROM A LIGHTER.



SALVING THE "UC 5" AFTER THE EXPLOSIONS: AT WORK ON THE SUBMARINE, WITH THE CONNING-TOWER SHOWING ABOVE WATER.



SALVING THE CAPTURED "UC 5": THE SUBMARINE'S CONNING-TOWER LIFTED HIGHER OUT OF THE WATER.



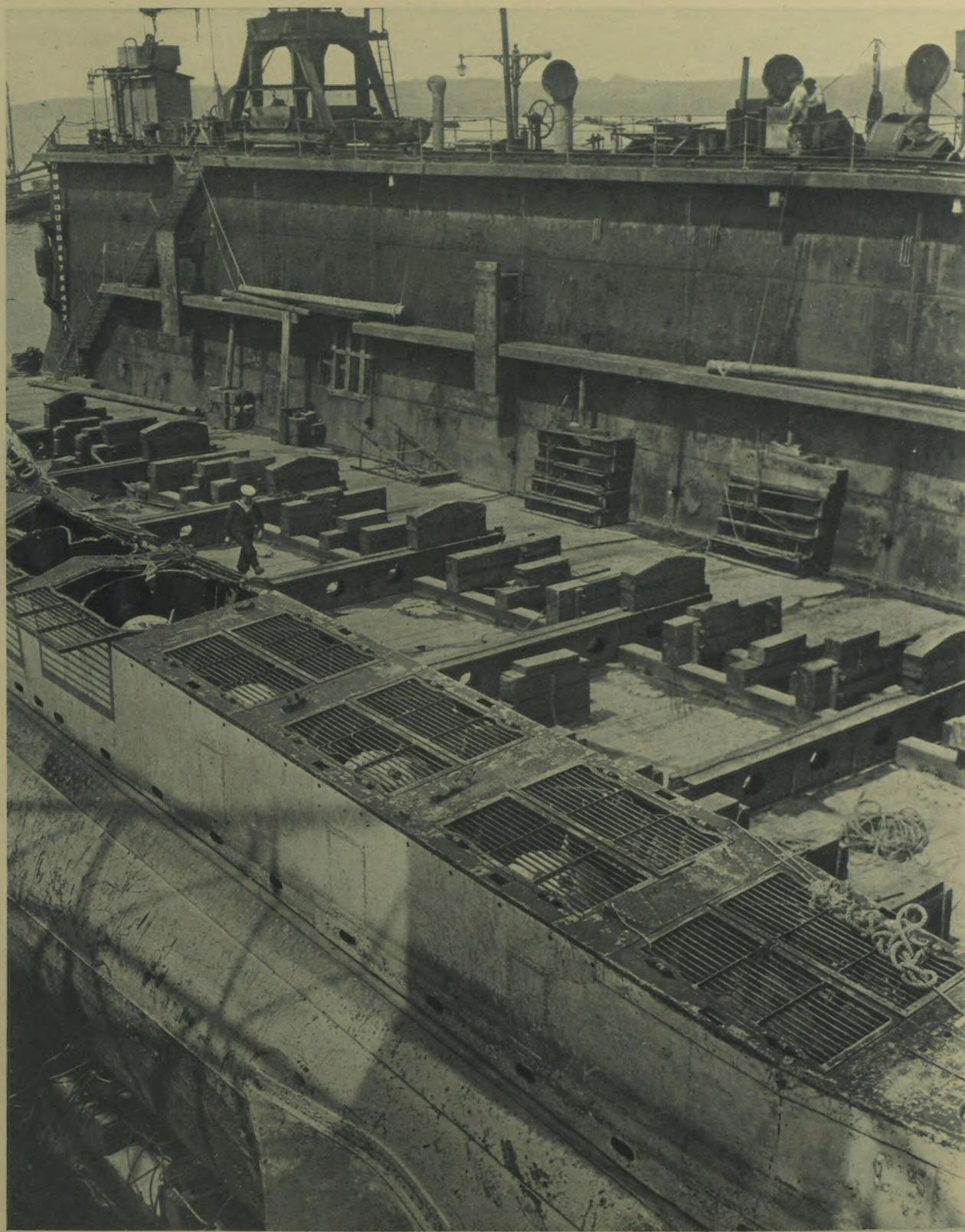
SHOWING THE GRATINGS OVER THE WELLS FOR MINES: BRITISH BLUE-JACKETS AND AN OFFICER BOARDING THE "UC 5" AFTER THE EXPLOSIONS.

The "UC 5" was found in distress somewhere off the East Coast by a British destroyer whose commander, through a megaphone, summoned the German to surrender. The submarine's crew held up their hands and presently jumped into the sea. As the destroyer's boat, after picking them up and taking them to the destroyer, was returning to the submarine, another man was seen to jump off her into the sea, and simultaneously several violent explosions took place on board her. The sub-lieutenant in charge of the boat put on a gas-mask and descended through the conning-tower hatch. He found

that the submarine had been badly holed and had two feet of water in her. All her twelve mines were on board, but two had been dislodged by the explosions and were bumping about loose, liable to explode at any moment. An officer—since awarded the D.S.O.—bravely went down in diving dress and secured them, after two days' work, but could not remove the detonating-horns, so that the work of salvage was still perilous. Eventually the submarine was brought safely into harbour and docked. The gratings over the wells for holding mines are shown also on the next page.

IN DRY DOCK: MECHANISM OF A GERMAN SUBMARINE MINE-LAYER.

PHOTOGRAPH BY C.N.



HOW THE "U C 5" LAID HER DEADLY "EGGS": THE CAPTURED SUBMARINE, SHOWING THE COMPARTMENTS FOR HER MINES—
WITH SOME OF THEM IN PLACE UNDER THE GRIDS.

Mr. A. H. Pollen, the well-known naval expert, writes after visiting the captured "U C 5": "From the centre forward it is pierced by six great wells, big slanting tubes, canted at an angle of about 70 degrees from the keel, and sloping downwards from the bows towards the stern. In each of these wells are housed two mines, one above the other—black, smooth, ugly looking eggs, with four evil-looking horns sticking out near the top. . . . The diameter of the weight [below the mine] is 6 inches or so greater than the diameter of the mine, and there are hinged to this weight four light galvanised-iron arms, which, when folded upright, lie flat against the mine, so that the great egg seems

to be sitting in a kind of cage. . . . Mine, weight, galvanised arms, and all . . . can be released from the tube by a catch control in the conning-tower, and then the whole device tumbles out and slips quietly to the bottom. Once it strikes bottom, contact with the water releases the holding mechanism that keeps the iron arms upright against the mine. . . . The mine . . . is buoyant, so that when the hydrostatic valve releases the cable that is coiled away in the weight, the mine rises slowly from its seat towards the surface. The valve is so constructed as to let out only so much cable as will allow the mine to reach a certain distance from the surface."

ITALY'S GREAT COUNTER-OFFENSIVE IN THE TRENTINO: THE RECAPTURE OF ASIAGO FROM THE AUSTRIANS.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKHOEK FROM A SKETCH BY JULIUS

I. PRICE, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE ITALIAN ARMY.



WHERE THE AUSTRIANS EMULATED GERMAN VANDALISM IN BELGIUM BY SETTING FIRE TO

In a note to his sketch from which our drawing was made, Mr. Julius Price writes: "Driven out of their trenches outside Asiago, the Austrians retired on the village itself, and some desperate street fighting ensued. Wire entanglements, specially adapted to impede cavalry, obstructed the advance of the Italian troops. Although the fighting only lasted a few hours before the Austrians were driven out, the village was practically destroyed, but the Austrian thrust towards the plain of Vicenza had been arrested and they were in full retreat on Ratsa and Monte Intretto." It may be noted that the Italian troops are now wearing steel helmets, like most other armies. Lying on the pavement in the left foreground of the drawing is a wounded Austrian officer. In the Trentino the Austrians appear to have emulated the destructive practices of the Germans in Belgium. Shortly after the fight here illustrated, an Italian officer



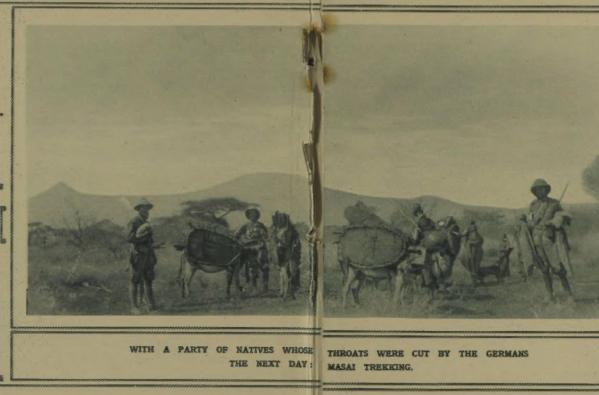
HOUSES: ITALIAN TROOPS DRIVING THE ENEMY THROUGH THE BURNING STREETS OF ASIAGO.

wrote: "I have just been in Asiago, which is burning and smoking. The barbarians, before their precipitate retreat, wanted to leave marks of their bravery behind. Worthy allies of those who burnt Louvain and Ypres, they departed leaving every village in ashes. Their line of retreat is indicated by the long trail of burning villages, hamlets, cottages, and smoking ruins. Their rear-guard, instead of defending themselves like soldiers, are busy with only one thing—pouring cans full of petroleum into any house or hut still standing, and setting it afire. What previous bombardments had respected, the retreating vandals have burnt. All round the slopes of Asiago I see cottages in ashes, and clouds of smoke rising, not from chimneys but from smouldering ruins. Our soldiers, to pursue the enemy, have only to follow the track of burning cottages." [Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

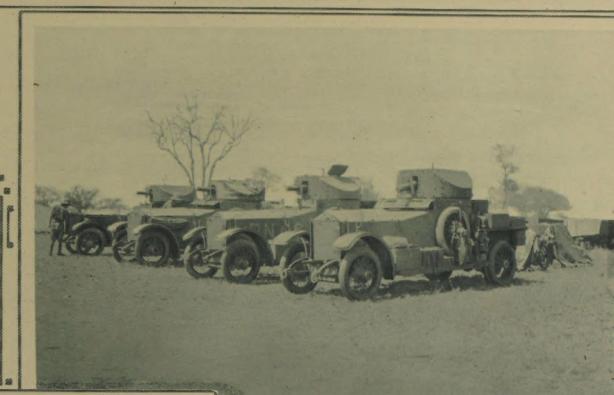
SPLENDID PROGRESS UNDER GENERAL SMUTS IN EAST AFRICA: TYPICAL SCENES OF THE CAMPAIGN.



WHERE OXEN ARE MUCH USED FOR TRANSPORT PURPOSES: OX-DRAWN ARTILLERY OF THE BRITISH FORCE.



WITH A PARTY OF NATIVES WHOSE THROATS WERE CUT BY THE GERMANS THE NEXT DAY: MASAI TREKKING.



THE UBIQUITOUS LAND FORCES OF THE ROYAL NAVAL AIR SERVICE: R.N.A.S. ARMoured CARS.



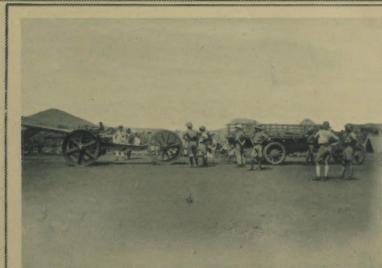
WITH AN INDIAN IN THE FOREGROUND: A MACHINE-GUN DETACHMENT OF THE KING'S AFRICAN RIFLES ON THE MARCH.



INDIAN GUNNERS ON SERVICE IN EAST AFRICA: A MOUNTAIN BATTERY AT WORK.



DIGGING OPERATIONS: BRITISH TROOPS AT WORK FORTIFYING A HILL ON THE BORDER.



BRITISH HEAVY ARTILLERY IN EAST AFRICA: A LONG-RANGE GUN; AND A MOTOR-WAGON.



A VERY USEFUL MEMBER OF THE BRITISH FORCE: A SCOUT AND GUIDE WITH HIS MASAI ASSISTANTS.

The East African Campaign, under the able leadership of General Smuts, continues to proceed steadily and surely. The capture of Tanga, the second port of German East Africa, 77 miles south of Mombasa, took place on July 7. The photographs here given show some typical scenes and various units of the British force. Regarding the middle photograph at the top, showing Masai trekking, our correspondent says: "These people got their throats cut by the Germans next day." In the large photograph in the centre, the German position was on the hill in the distance, seen to the left of the tree in the right foreground. "All the trees," says our correspondent, "are thorn." Of the scout seen in the lower photograph on the right he says: "He has given the Germans considerable trouble." Further progress in East Africa was announced recently by the War Office as follows: "Telegraphing

on July 18, Lieut-General Smuts reports that enemy forces which had endeavoured to operate against his communications north of Handeni and on the Usambara Railway between Korogwe and Tanga have now been driven down the Pangani River, abandoning a field-gun. The clearance of this area is progressing satisfactorily. On the southern shore of Lake Victoria, a force under Brig-General Sir C. Crewe, having disembarked at Kongoro, occupied Mwanza during the night of July 14-15. The enemy evacuated the town after a slight resistance, leaving many rifles; a portion of a supply column, and a naval gun of the cruiser 'Königslberg' in our hands. The majority of the German Europeans embarked in a steamship and fled southwards by the Stuhlmann Sound, pursued by our armed lake vessels."

"THE SURREYS PLAY THE GAME!" KICKING FOOTBALLS TOWARDS THE GERMAN TRENCHES UNDER A HAIL OF SHELLS.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY AN OFFICER PRESENT AT THE ACTION.



"ON THROUGH THE HAIL OF SLAUGHTER... THEY DRIVE THE TRICKLING BALL": MEN OF THE EAST SURREYS CHARGING TOWARDS THE GERMAN TRENCHES AT CONTALMAISON.

The association between the spirit of our national games and the spirit that inspires our troops in the great game of war has received fresh proof on the battlefield. As on previous occasions in the war, footballs have been used during the great British advance of this month as a help to the men in advancing to attack. For example, a Reuter correspondent writes regarding a certain battalion of the East Surrey Regiment which took part in the assault: "The Captain of one of the companies had provided four footballs, one for each platoon, urging them to keep up a dribbling competition all the way over the mile and a quarter of ground they had to traverse. As the company formed on emerging from the trench, the platoon commanders kicked off, and the match against Death commenced. The gallant Captain himself fell early in the charge, and men began to drop rapidly under the hail of machine-gun bullets. But still the footballs were booted onwards, with hoarse cries of encouragement or defiance,

until they disappeared in the dense smother behind which the Germans were shooting. Then, when the bombs and bayonets had done their work, and the enemy had cleared out, the Surrey men looked for their footballs and recovered two of them in the captured traverses. These will be sent to the Regimental Depot at Kingston as trophies worth preserving." This incident formed the subject of a set of verses by the "Daily Mail" poet who writes under the name of Touchstone. The first of the three stanzas runs as follows: "On through the hail of slaughter Where gallant comrades fall, Where blood is poured like water, They drive the trickling ball. The fear of death before them is but an empty name; True to the land that bore them The Surreys play the game!" In our illustration one football is seen on the right, and a second is in the air towards the background near the centre.—(Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.)

THE AIR ATTACK ON THE TURKS AT EL ARISH: BATTLE INCIDENTS.

EL ARISH is a border town on the western side of the eastern frontier of Egypt. It is thirty miles from the actual frontier line between Egypt and the Turkish province of Syria. The frontier runs in an almost straight line from north to south for between a hundred and a hundred-and-fifty miles across the desert; from Rafa, on the Mediterranean coast, to Akaba, at the head of the gulf of that name, which separates the Sinai Peninsula from Arabia. The town, or large village, of

(Continued opposite.)



A SEA-FIGHT NEAR PORT SAID BETWEEN A BRITISH MOTOR-LAUNCH AND A TURKISH AEROPLANE: BEATING OFF THE ENEMY WITH RIFLE-FIRE.

Continued]
El Arish stands at the upper portion of the valley of El Arish, a dip in the sandy desert waste all round, where there is an oasis with wells. The water supply was the reason for the Turco-German invasion forces having selected the locality for their largest advanced camp in that direction. El Arish is the principal town in that quarter, owing to the main caravan route from Egypt to Syria passing through it. The Turco-Egyptian aerodrome is about five miles to the south of El Arish.



BEFORE THE BRITISH ATTACK ON THE AERODROME: THE R.F.C. SQUADRON MANOEUVRING OVER THE HANGARS ON ARRIVAL.



OUR LEADING AIRMAN SWOOPING AND DROPPING HIS FIRST BOMB ON THE ONLY ENEMY 'PLANE OUT: THE DESTRUCTION OF THE TURKISH CRAFT.

In the first drawing is seen an exciting duel on the day of the successful raid a short while ago of a Royal Flying Corps squadron on the Turco-German hangars at El Arish, a hundred miles east of the Suez Canal. From that neighbourhood enemy troops are now reported to have advanced to Katia, twenty miles from Suez, and aircraft are stated to have dropped bombs on Suez. During the Flying Corps' raid on El Arish already mentioned, a British motor-launch cruised off the coast in case any airmen came down at sea. After our squadron had returned, an enemy machine attacked the motor-launch while going back to Port Said. The vessel evaded the bombs, but, her gun having

insufficient elevation to hit the aeroplane, the enemy swooped and fired with a machine-gun until beaten off by rifle-fire. No lives were lost on our side. The arrival of the R.F.C. squadron over the enemy's hangars is shown in the second drawing; while manoeuvring for the attack. In the third drawing the opening of the fight is seen. Only one enemy machine was out of its hanger, and was being hurriedly prepared for flight. Seizing the chance, the leading British airman came down to within 100 feet and dropped a bomb right on the enemy machine, blowing it and the party working on it to pieces. The scene as the bomb burst is shown.—[Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

INDIAN CAVALRY IN THE GREAT OFFENSIVE: READY TO CHARGE.

OFFICIAL PRESS BUREAU PHOTOGRAPHS.



MUSTERING IN READINESS FOR A CHARGE: INDIAN CAVALRY FORMING UP TO GO FORWARD.



IN THE FRONT RANK OF THE INDIAN CAVALRY JUST BEFORE ADVANCING: STEEL-HELMETED AND TURBANED TROOPERS WITH THEIR BAMBOO LANCES.

The most dramatic incident, as the "Times" correspondent calls it, of the fighting on the British Front on July 14, when our troops gained a lodgment in the German Third Line in the Wood of Foureaux, north of Barentin-le-Grand, was the cavalry charge by a troop of Dragoon Guards in company with a troop of Indian Cavalry. The occasion was, to quote Sir Douglas Haig's telegraphed despatch, "the first opportunity for mounted action which has been afforded to our cavalry since 1914." They had formed up, as seen above, in anticipation for service in the fairly open ground to which our advance was leading, and the enemy began sniping at them from among the growing corn.

The troopers rode through the corn-fields at the enemy. Many Germans, it is said, flung themselves to the ground and cried for quarter. "Both lance and sabre did their work cleanly and thoroughly, and with the exception of 34 prisoners whom, between them, they brought back, there were no Germans alive of those who had been among the corn." The fact of a cavalry charge being at length possible is of peculiar significance. It shows that the Allies are getting through the lines of trench positions, and that pursuit and dashes over open ground—the cavalry battlefield rôle—may be looked for soon. Other cavalry charges, indeed, have been referred to in German despatches.

SCIENCE AND NATURAL HISTORY.

IN QUEST OF THE BOOK.

OF SACRED SCIENCE.

TAKING THE GOLDEN FLEECE, WHICH SUIAS BELIEVED TO BE A ROLL OF PAPERS ON WHICH WAS WRITTEN THE SECRET OF GOLD-MAKING: THE ARGONAUTS.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

AN UNEXPECTED HAUL AT SEA.

THE advantages of our supremacy of the seas have been brought home to us rather forcibly during the last two years: even the British Museum of Natural History has derived benefit therefrom. For it gave us, during the middle of June last, a remarkably fine specimen of that extremely rare chelonian, the Leathery Turtle, or Huth, which was taken in a net off Scilly. From the time of its arrival at the Museum till now I have been mainly occupied in the preparation of casts and dissections of its body, and a very interesting task it has proved, even though somewhat odoriferous. For it has afforded me a fine opportunity for the study of one of the most singular members of the tortoise family.

This, it should be remarked, holds a unique position among the vertebrates, since its members are characterised by having the skeleton of the trunk fused with an outer armature of bony plates forming the shell. Thus is brought about a resemblance to the beetles, for example, among the invertebrates, wherein the skeleton is also outside the body, instead of being embedded within it. But the huth stands alone among his kind in having the skeleton of the trunk still free, the bony shell being separated therefrom by a thick layer of "blubber." The shell itself is likely to puzzle the experts for many a long day, for, according to some, it represents the primitive condition of the chelonian armature, while others take the view that it is a degenerate structure. Its peculiarity lies in the fact that it is made up of a mosaic of small bony plates; while the typical tortoise-shell is formed of large, symmetrically disposed plates overlaid by a series of horny shields, also symmetrically disposed, but having a quite different arrangement. In the huth these horny plates are wanting, a leathery skin taking their place—hence the name "leathery turtle."

The huth affords us a very helpful guide as to the conditions which brought about the evolution of the typical tortoise-shell. It began, we may safely assume, with the development of bony nodules in the skin, and, as these increased in size to form a

continuous shield; so they restricted the movements of the back; thus its muscles degenerated and slowly wasted away, while at the same time the spine became transformed into a long inflexible tube enclosing the spinal cord. Gradually, with the decline of the muscles of the back, the bony armature of the back, which represents an ossified skin, was lowered, so to speak, down on to the spinal column and ribs,

Among the reptiles, for example, it occurs in the old sea-dragons the ichthyosaurs and plesiosaurs, in the penguins among the birds, and in the whales among the mammals.

Though this giant turtle occurs in all tropical and sub-tropical seas, it is everywhere extremely rare, and but little is known of its habits or even of its food.

At one time it was supposed to feed on sea-weed; it would seem, however, that it is really carnivorous. I hoped to settle this question during my *post-mortem* examination; but in this I was only partially successful, for the stomach was empty. In the lower part of the intestine, however, I found large numbers of crustacea belonging to the surface-swimming forms known as "Amphipods." But cuttle-fish beaks, which I expected to find, were entirely absent. That crustacea do not form the staple diet I feel sure; and this because of the curious armature of the mouth and gullet, which are lined with huge spines as formidable as the quills of a porcupine. Since all point backwards, every facility is afforded to food passing downward, but a return is impossible. Similar spines are found in the green or edible turtle, and on the tongue and back of the throat of the penguins, which suggests a common need for holding slippery prey. The nature of these curious spines and their relation to the mouth can be well seen in the accompanying photograph.

Little enough is known of the breeding places of the leathery turtle, or of the number of eggs laid. It certainly breeds in the Danish West Indies, where the eggs are esteemed by the natives; but no accurate account of the nests or of the number of eggs laid seems to have been recorded. The females are caught when they come to the beaches to dispose of their eggs in the sand; but, the flesh being inedible, only their oil is taken. Of this, to judge from the female I have just had the good fortune to dissect, there is a prodigious quantity. I suspect that the drain on their eggs must be severe, for the species is extremely rare. Of the young that escape only a few survive, for they have hosts of enemies. They differ from the adult in the greater length of the fore-paddle in relation to the length of the body, and in the greater development of the bony nodules of the carapace.

W. P. PYCRAFT.



CAPTURED OFF SCILLY: A LEATHERY TURTLE, OR HUTH.

The massiveness of the shoulders is due to the enormous muscles that provide the motive power of the great fore-flippers, which, as with the penguin, serve as propellers.

Copyright Photographs by W. P. Pycraft.

with which, later, a complete fusion took place. A similar ossification of the skin of the under-surface of the body completed the formation of the



ARMED WITH BIG SPINES POINTING BACKWARDS DOWN ITS THROAT: THE INTERIOR OF THE MOUTH.

Inside the mouth may be seen the formidable armature of spines. The upper jaw is armed with two great horny teeth. The rope is passed behind them.

bony box which now encases the tortoise of to-day. The limbs of the leathery turtle bear no less certain evidence of having undergone a transformation. Originally fashioned to support the body on land, they have now become translated into paddles, or "flippers," to serve as swimming organs. The stages by which this has come about are not difficult to follow, since a most instructive half-way stage is preserved to us in the limbs of the fresh-water pond-tortoises. A precisely similar transformation of the limbs from the type originally fashioned to support the body on land into swimming organs has occurred independently in many different groups of the vertebrates, and in different periods of the world's history.



WITH HIND-LEGS TRANSFORMED INTO FLIPPERS: A BACK VIEW OF THE LEATHERY TURTLE CAUGHT OFF SCILLY.

This photograph shows the large size of the hind-limbs, which serve for steering purposes, the tail being a quite degenerate structure.

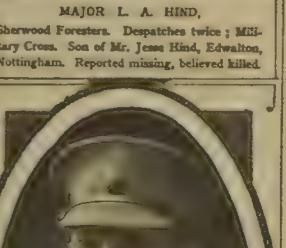


SHOWING ITS HUGE BULK COMPARED WITH THE MAN: OPENING THE SCILLY HUTH'S MOUTH.

The mouth is being forced open to show the interior. The huge bulk of the creature is well brought out by comparison with the Museum "preparator" who is pulling on the rope.

FOR KING AND COUNTRY: OFFICERS ON THE ROLL OF HONOUR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAFAYETTE, BASSANO, L.E.A., ELLIOTT AND FRY, DREBENHAM, AND BARNETT.

			
<p>COLONEL A. E. FITZGERALD, E. Surrey Regt. (commanding battalion Durham L.I.). Served in S. Africa, Jamaica, Gold Coast, and with Egyptian Army.</p>	<p>MAJ. G. BEAUMONT TYSER, E. Lancashire Regt. S. Africa medal, 5 clasps. Son of Mr. G. W. Tyser, Mortimer.</p>	<p>MAJOR H. DE B. PURVES, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. Son of late G. Hurdis Purves and Mrs. R. S. Bovill.</p>	<p>LIEUT.-COL. W. A. SMITH, Manchester Regt. Son of late Mr. W. J. Smith, of Gattertop, and Mrs. Soudamore Smith, of Walton, Clevedon.</p>
			
<p>MAJOR A. NEVIN WHEATLEY, D. of Wellington's Regt. Mentioned in despatches, June. Son of Mr. Joseph Wheatley, J.P., of Woodlands, Mirfield.</p>	<p>CAPTAIN R. L. HOARE, London Regt. Third son of Mr. William Hoare, of Benenden, Kent. Killed in action.</p>	<p>CAPT. THE HON. ROLAND ERASMUS PHILLIPS, Royal Fusiliers. Only surviving son of Lord St. Davids.</p>	<p>MAJOR S. B. MAUFE, W. Yorkshire Regt. Mentioned in despatches. Son of Mr. F. B. Maufe, of Ilkley.</p>
			
<p>MAJOR JOHN N. F. ARMSTRONG, R. Engineers. Son of late John Armstrong K.C., formerly Crown Prosecutor and Deputy Judge, New S. Wales, and Mrs. Armstrong.</p>	<p>MAJ. GEORGE J. MALCOLM, R.A. (attd. R.F.C.). Son of Mr. George Malcolm, Resident, Sokoto.</p>	<p>COL. SIR VICTOR HORSLEY, R.A.M.C. A distinguished surgeon and consultant with the Forces in Mesopotamia.</p>	<p>CAPT. GEORGE GUY HERMON-HODGE, R.F.A. Son of Col. Sir Robert Hermon-Hodge, Reading.</p>
			
<p>LIEUT.-COL. A. MERVYN HOLDSWORTH, Royal Berkshire Regt. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur F. Holdsworth, of Widdicombe, Kingsbridge. Died of wounds.</p>	<p>LIEUT. H. FIELD, W. Yorkshire Regt. A famous International Association football player.</p>	<p>2ND LIEUT. M. W. BOOTH, W. Yorkshire Regt. A well-known member of the Yorkshire county eleven.</p>	
<p>CAPT. AND ADJT. C. C. FORD, Somerset L.I. Son of late Commander C. R. Ford, R.I.M.</p>		<p>CAPT. ARTHUR B. HATT, Somerset L.I. Son of Mayor of Bath, Alderman H. T. Hatt. Awarded Military Cross.</p>	<p>CAPT. D. WATERSTON, M.D., 9th Canadian Field Ambulance. Son of Mr. T. Waterston, Westmount.</p>
<p>MAJOR G. HORNER GAFFIKIN, R. Irish Fusiliers. Only son of Mr. and Mrs. William Gaffikin, King's Castle, Ardglass, Co. Down.</p>			

LITERATURE.

FOR many years Sir John Henniker Heaton, Bt., was almost a great figure in the House of Commons; in the British Empire he was undeniably great, for he did an abiding Imperial work. Never a politician in the narrow sense of the word, he played an important political part, and his name has become synonymous with Postal Reform throughout the Empire. He kept to his single purpose with unwavering fidelity, and hammered away until he saw it accomplished very nearly to the full extent of his dream. As the Father of Imperial Penny Postage, he will go down to posterity as a Rowland Hill with a wider view. His field days in the House were those days when the salary of the Postmaster-General came up for discussion, and at all times he was unsparing with his questions on postal and telegraphic anomalies and grievances. As a Parliamentary personality he enjoyed universal esteem, and the social life of the House expanded under his genial smile. He it was who introduced tea on the Terrace, that most august form of the kettledrum; and the present reviewer counts it among his pleasantest memories that he has been Sir John's guest at that famous Parliamentary rite. To see "H. H." as host on the Terrace was to realise his place in the House. He was *persona grata* to all; his talk was good, his stories excellent, and his pocket always full of the most modern instances of postal delinquency, which he contrived to make entertaining, while he pointed the moral to adorn his tale. The Member for Canterbury was the Member for all the world, which he sought to draw into a closer brotherhood by the wire and the epistle, conveyed at the lightest possible cost. He was called "the Marconi of that wireless telegraphy of the heart"; he defied space and time in his continual journeys, and a current joke had it that he spent his week-ends in Japan. In him the ends of the earth were gathered up, and his early experience in Australia had purged him of all insularity. But withal he remained a true-born English-

man, constrained to join the Royal Society of St. George of England to protect national interests threatened by the great body of Scotsmen in high office. Sir John was, in a sense, a victim of the war. He was at Carlsbad when hostilities began. On his departure he was greatly agitated by the war news, and was taken seriously ill during the journey. He got no further than Geneva, where, after much suffering, he died on Sept. 8, 1914. The confusion of war cut him off from his own family; letters and telegrams were alike denied to him who had striven "to make com-

The Teaching of Science.

Professor Gregory's new book—"Discovery; or the Spirit and Service of Science," by R. A. Gregory (Macmillan)—which is in fact though not in name a collection of essays, deals with science as a whole, rather than with any particular branch of it. Under such headings as "Law and Principle," "Conquest of Disease," and the like, he contrives to give a very clear and readable account of such matters as the discovery of the steam-engine, the wave-theory of light, the rare gases of the atmosphere, wireless telegraphy, the X-rays, the germ theory of disease, and many other things of the same kind. All this is excellently done in language which can be easily understood by the least technical reader, and without the diagrams and equations which are apt at first sight to repel the "man in the street." This is especially the case where he deals with his own subject of astronomy; and no one can read his remarks on these and cognate matters without feeling that one is listening to a master of his craft. The book is therefore free from the reproach sometimes levelled at books which attempt to popularise science—to wit, that it is only the dabbler who attempts to see all the sciences as a whole, and that, in endeavouring to impart his knowledge, he is generally more enthusiastic than accurate. As an instance, we may quote Professor Gregory's *dicta* on the weather, where he points out that the firing of heavy guns can have no effect on the rainfall, and that the weather really follows a cycle of about thirty-five years, at the end of which time the meteorological conditions more or less reproduce themselves. This is not very comforting

telegraphy, the X-rays, the germ theory of disease, and many other things of the same kind. All this is excellently done in language which can be easily understood by the least technical reader, and without the diagrams and equations which are apt at first sight to repel the "man in the street." This is especially the case where he deals with his own subject of astronomy; and no one can read his remarks on these and cognate matters without feeling that one is listening to a master of his craft. The book is therefore free from the reproach sometimes levelled at books which attempt to popularise science—to wit, that it is only the dabbler who attempts to see all the sciences as a whole, and that, in endeavouring to impart his knowledge, he is generally more enthusiastic than accurate. As an instance, we may quote Professor Gregory's *dicta* on the weather, where he points out that the firing of heavy guns can have no effect on the rainfall, and that the weather really follows a cycle of about thirty-five years, at the end of which time the meteorological conditions more or less reproduce themselves. This is not very comforting

(Continued overleaf.)



BRITISH HONOURS FOR A GREAT MALAY RULER: THE INVESTURE OF THE SULTAN OF JOHORE WITH THE G.C.M.G.

Our photograph shows the Investiture of the Sultan of Johore with the G.C.M.G. The ceremony was performed by the Governor of the Straits Settlements, Sir Arthur Young, G.C.M.G., at Johore, on May 11. At the outbreak of the war, the Sultan placed the Johore forces at the disposal of the Straits Government, and he has lately given the munificent sum of £28,000 to purchase aircraft for the British Army.

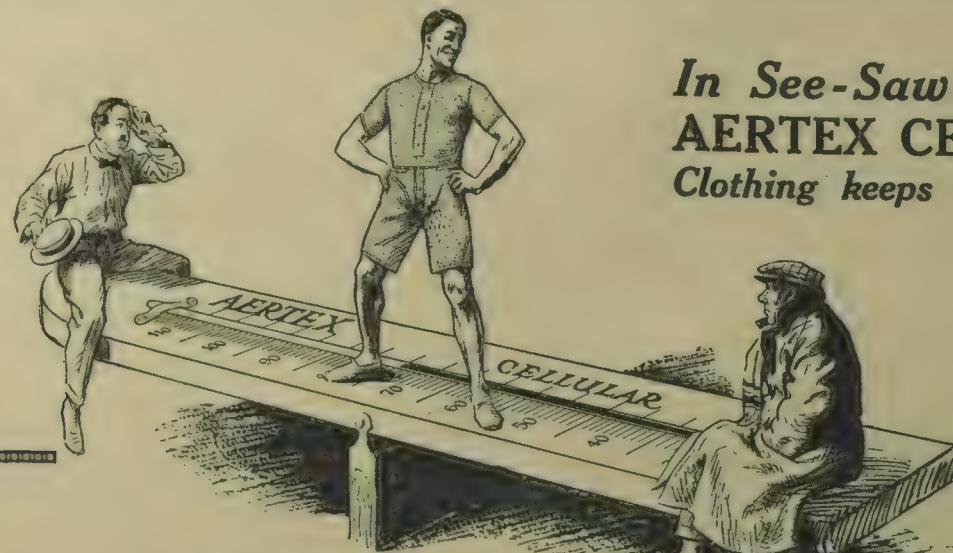
The Sultan Ibrahim was born in 1873 and succeeded his father in 1895. Johore is an independent State, under British protection.

munication as easy as speech and free as air." The story of his career has been told by his daughter, Mrs. Adrian Porter, in "The Life and Letters of Sir John Henniker Heaton, Bart." (The Bodley Head), an excellent portrait of the man as his friends remember him. Sir John's personality lives at all points in this biography, for it records not only his work, but something which he once said he feared would be forgotten—his good stories.

at the present time, as he tells us that the last culminating point of badness from the farmer's point of view was reached in 1912, so that we shall presumably have to wait for at least another thirteen years for something like hot and dry summers. It is, however, on the subject of science generally that Professor Gregory lets himself go. He complains much that science is seldom mentioned in literature (he means fiction), and that when it is the author always



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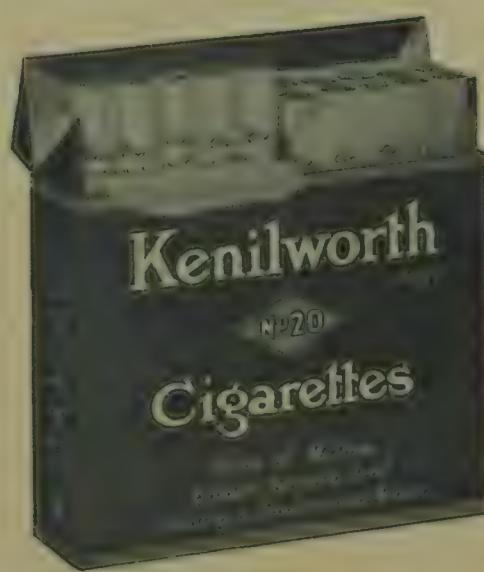
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Continued

makes mistakes. His remedy is that the literary man should learn science, and he laments the attitude of the State towards its teaching. Thus, he says, "the politicians who pay themselves a salary for the time they devote to party tactics and personal persiflage would be astounded if the proposal were made to provide for the support of Fellows of the Royal Society or of any other scientific institution, yet of the relative values to the nation of work done in the two spheres of politics and science there can be no question." This is very well, but the question suggests itself whether, if scientific men were paid salaries like Members of Parliament, they would not become like those Alexandrian philosophers whom the other learned Greeks called "the King's stuffed capons," incapable of or indifferent to the turning out of any decent work whatever. For the rest, Professor Gregory has a most whole-hearted belief in the disinterestedness of men of science, and dwells frequently on their contempt for money-making and everything but the pursuit of truth. If this be so, science has succeeded where Pascal said religion had failed, and has really made an angel out of a beast. Our own experience is that, science apart, scientific people are very much like the rest of the world; but that does not lessen our admiration for Professor Gregory's excellent book.

"The Eighteenth Century," "The Eighteenth Century,"

by Casimir Stryienski (Heinemann), is not, as a casual observer of the title might imagine, a detached work. An account of the eighteenth century in France, it is the fourth of the six volumes of "The National History of France," edited by Fr. Funck-Brentano. It is a pity that this fact should not be presented quite clearly. M. Stryienski's volume deals with the life of Louis XV., and follows the career of his unfortunate grandson down to the beginnings of the Revolution; it must be admitted that the author has given life to the dry bones of history. He is inclined, perhaps, to treat Louis XV. too leniently, to explain away all his shortcomings. He quotes the King's self-criticism: "I have governed and administered badly, because I have little talent and I have been badly advised," and asks what could be added to so frank an admission. He lays little

stress upon the most ugly aspects of the King's life; and though his picture of Louis XV. is drawn from the best records, it is not in keeping with many that have gone before it—perhaps by reason of a certain calculated reticence. It is interesting just now to recall the indifference with which the signature of the Treaty for the Partition of Poland was received at Versailles. "From the distance of five hundred leagues," said King Louis, "it is difficult to aid Poland. I could have preferred that it should remain intact, but I can give it little more than my good wishes."

trator who did best by France in that evil reign; and, had he lived, it may be that France would not have lost what she did to the whim and caprice of courtesans, and that the history of Europe would have been altogether different. It is only after the passing of Fleury and the death of the Dauphin that the Revolution appears inevitable—or at least a perfectly logical event following a natural sequence. The Cardinal was not brilliant, but he was safe, and was at least the uncompromising foe of extravagance. In any event, Mme. de Pompadour was a bad substitute; and M. de Stryienski has brought out with great clearness and sufficient emphasis the part she played in promoting the ruin of her country. He holds that Cardinal Fleury allowed himself to be duped by Walpole, and that in allowing the Fleet to fall out of proper order he gave the astute English statesman a long-sought opportunity. It is curiously interesting to read the international history of this period through the eyes of a French historian. Perhaps it is the view of the international situation that gives the book its piquancy, and helps us to overlook a certain bias. The angle of vision from which the Seven Years' War is seen may be cited as an instance.



WITH THE VICTORIOUS ITALIANS: IN A CEMENT TRENCH.

This is a small reproduction of one of the many remarkably interesting pictures—photographs, paintings, drawings, and cartoons—to be seen at the Italian War Pictures Exhibition, at the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square. In opening the Exhibition, Lord Robert Cecil expressed a hope that his fellow-countrymen would make it their business to pay a visit, if only to realize what terrible difficulties the Italian Army had to face in Alpine fighting.

Little as France has reason to love or history to respect Louis XV., let it be admitted that he must needs have been a very strong man to have reduced the chaos around him to order. The great nobles of France were "incapable of forgetting their own interests, privileges, and futile pretensions, incapable also of taking a serious view of their duties as statesmen." Cardinal de Fleury, in spite of the limitations that Voltaire has exaggerated, was the adminis-

wide. A little rubbed on the hands will be found distinctly beneficial, and a few applications will leave them beautifully soft and white. For those naturally pale, just a suggestion of La-rola Rose Bloom will impart a delicate tint to the complexion, quite harmless and impossible to detect. Both of these safe and efficacious aids to beauty and to health and comfort are obtainable as all chemists and stores.

A good Investment for WAR SAVINGS—

possessing many distinct advantages—is afforded by a Scottish Widows Fund Endowment Assurance. Besides providing for old age, and for dependants in the event of earlier death, a further advantage is secured in the rebate on Income Tax, which is allowed up to one-sixth of income in some cases. It should be remembered also that the full amount of the Policy is at all times ready to meet Death Duties. This is of great importance at the present time, seeing that Income Tax and Death Duties are certain to continue very high owing to the war.

Scottish Widows Fund

FOUNDED 1815.

THE LARGEST BRITISH MUTUAL LIFE OFFICE.
Funds 22 Millions. Claims Paid 44 Millions.

"Millions do not always bring happiness, but our Millions do."
—LORD ROSEBERY (President of the Society).

WRITE FOR THE SOCIETY'S BOOKLET.

HEAD OFFICE:
9, St. Andrew Square, EDINBURGH.
(G. J. LIDSTONE, Manager and Actuary.)

LONDON OFFICES:
28, Cornhill, E.C., and
17, Waterloo Place, S.W.

In Java

the climate is so hot and enervating that meat foods are unpalatable unless curried or served with Lea & Perrins' Sauce.

Lea & Perrins' Sauce gives an agreeable & appetizing flavour to the plainest fare, and ensures enjoyable meals at all times. It is very economical in use.

Observe the
signature thus:—

Lea & Perrins

in white across the
red label on every bottle.



Born 1820
—still going strong.



PESSIMISTIC ONE: "Then you are not alarmed?"

OPTIMIST: "Bless you, No! Like Johnnie Walker, the British Empire
is——'Still going strong.'"

NEW NOVELS.

"How Jonas Found His Enemy." Dr. Greville MacDonald, whose manner and method as a writer are an interesting study in heredity, has sub-titled his book "A Romance of the South Downs." Is it a romance? If so, what is a romance? We should have been inclined to call it a Morality. Yet this implies something direct and primitive in its appeal; and "How Jonas Found His Enemy" (Constable) demands searching reading, line by line. For one thing, it has a knack of doubling and twisting after the idea, of harking back and making light of sequences of time, and of running

by hackneyed fiction will find a tonic refreshment in this strangely fascinating book.

"The Greer Archway."

The simple annals of the undergraduate cover the ground in "The Green Archway" (Melrose). We all know him very well, and we are not quite sure that meeting him just now is worth while, though, if he is to intrude himself into a bellicose world, Mr. G. Gordon Winter's method of handling him has something to commend it. He dines and wines, he "rags" and fights, he falls in love with Jessie the shop-girl, he is sent down. He is from first to last a pleasant English young ass. We fail to under-

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE MAN WHO STAYED AT HOME" AT THE ROYALTY.

TIMES have changed since we first made the acquaintance of "The Man Who Stayed At Home," and to-day even Christopher Brent would scarcely have chosen or been allowed to do detective work, however brilliant, instead of donning khaki; but the spy-peril is sufficient of a reality, and an invasion of the East Coast is sufficiently conceivable for Messrs. Harold Terry and Lechmere Worrall's play not to have lost its savour of piquancy. Half the attractiveness, too, of their story, as of its hero,



BRITISH HEAVY GUNS ON THE WESTERN FRONT: IN ACTION AGAINST CONTALMAISON.

An incident which will become part of the history of the great battle now raging in the West was the remarkable fight for Contalmaison. This village was taken and retaken several times until in the end our gallant soldiers won and kept it. Our photograph shows British heavy guns in action. A recent despatch says: "Two heavy German attacks against Contalmaison completely broke down under our fire." The village was eventually captured by our troops after a "brisk bombardment."—[Official Photograph issued on behalf of the Press Bureau. Crown Copyright reserved.]

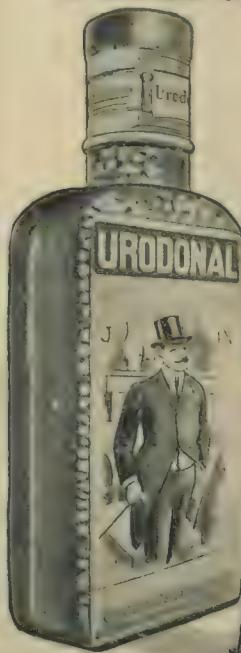
(the most puzzling trick of all) actuality and symbolism in a sort of literary double-harness. A mind high and fantastic, informed with mystical vision, has made the story of Jonas, the South Down shepherd—"made it up out of his own head," as the children say. In the rare atmosphere of its fantasy, common things of earth slip free from their integument, and we think their story may float over the head of the average reader. This has not been Dr. MacDonald's intention, and he will probably protest that he can see no reason why anyone should have difficulty in following him. We may put in a word here: that the difficulties are well worth facing, and that people surfeited

stand why he did not return to medical studies in his year of exile from the University; and the obvious reason that Mr. Winter wanted to get him to Paris does not hold water—why not study medicine there? This part of his story is not well considered; nor is its facile ending, the jejune courtship of Nina Hamilton, and the tardy repentence of his remarkably wooden parent. Almost, we think, the artlessness of Gerald Percival has communicated itself to the author; or is it, perhaps, the other way about? There is a point where moderation is not to be distinguished from insignificance, and "The Green Archway" reminds us rather too plainly of its existence.

was the humour which was so neatly blended with what was exciting and topical; and though seaside girls have no longer occasion to present young men with white feathers, the contrast between bluster which can teach other people how to do things, and modesty which quietly performs its task, has still as much point as ever. So that the revival of the popular piece is welcome, and wins the old laughs, notwithstanding that Mr. Dennis Eadie no longer appears in the title rôle; for he has found a capital substitute in Mr. Malcolm Cherry, who assumes just the right air of langour; and fortunately Miss Mary Jerrold is at hand to make the most of the cunning Fräulein's scenes.

URODONAL

THE UNRIVALLED SPECIFIC FOR:



Rheumatism,
Gout,
Gravel,
Calculi,
Neuralgia,
Sciatica,
Arterio-
Sclerosis,
Obesity,
Acidity.

PREMATURE
OLD AGE.

PROF. FLEURY (of the Paris Faculty of Medicine) in the course of a communication to his colleagues described some of the symptoms of premature old age, viz.: dyspepsia, constipation, lassitude, insomnia at night and drowsiness during the day, numbness at the back of the neck, headache, cramp, obesity, heart trouble, sudden rise followed by rapid fall of the temperature, kidney trouble, loss of memory, lack of determination in action and general want of tone, &c.

He stated that close investigation of such cases had shown that in 165 out of 201 (i.e., 82%) there was a marked excess of uric acid, this being quite sufficient to cause a man to look prematurely aged. Nevertheless it is consoling to know that this mischievous body poison can be easily and rapidly dissolved and eliminated by the powerful uric acid solvent called URODONAL.

A complete course of URODONAL (3 bottles) induces the thorough elimination of uric acid, cleanses the kidneys, and removes impurities. It is for those who avail themselves of its benefits the dawn of a period of renewed, triumphant and happy youth which is reflected in the bottle of URODONAL as in a magic mirror. Have confidence in URODONAL, and you will quickly reap your reward.

DR. DAURIAN,
of the Paris Medical Faculty.

It is the dawn of renewed, triumphant and happy youth which is reflected in the bottle of Urodonal as in a magic mirror. Have faith in Urodonal and you will immediately see its good results.

URODONAL, prices 5/- & 12/- (latter size equals three 5/- bottles), prepared by J. L. Chatelain, Pharm. Chemist, Paris. Can be obtained from all chemists, or direct, post free, from the British Agents, **Hoppeles**, Piccadilly, London, W., from whom can be obtained, post free, the full explanatory booklet, "Scientific Remedies," also "Treatise on Diet," and "Lancet Report."

Agents in Canada: Messrs. ROUGIER FRERES, 63, Rue Notre Dame Est, Montreal, Canada.
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JUBOL

Physiological Laxative.

The only agent that effects the functional "re-education" of the Intestine.

Constipation
Enteritis
Haemorrhoids
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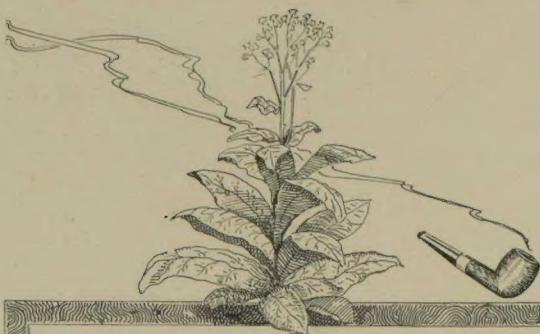
Cleanses the Intestine,
Prevents Appendicitis & Enteritis
Relieves Haemorrhoids,
Prevents Obesity,
Preserves the harmonious curves
of the figure.



Medical Reports:
Académie des Sciences (Paris, June 28, 1909)
Académie de Médecine (Paris, Dec. 21, 1909)

"There is no doubt about it, my dear friend. Your attack of Enteritis (inflammation of the Bowels) is the inevitable result of taking too many purgatives, which are a positive 'social danger.' But with JUBOL there is no risk of this kind, and in a very short time JUBOL will effect a real 're-education' of your intestine, which is now suffering from the ill-effects of purgatives."

JUBOL, Price 5/- per box (complete course of six boxes, 20/-). Prepared by J. L. Chatelain, Ph. Chemist, Paris. Can be obtained from all Chemists and Drug Stores, or direct, post free, from the British and Colonial Agents, **Hoppeles**, Piccadilly, London, W., from whom can be had, post free, full explanatory booklet, "Scientific Remedies"; also "Treatise on Diet" and the "Lancet Report."



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Maeterlinck says of flowers that they yield up their Soul in perfume.—What a Noble Thought!—But to the pipe smoker there is something infinitely sweeter than the perfume of flowers— even the sweetness of the Tobacco flower itself—The Soul of *CRAVEN MIXTURE*. The Soul of *CRAVEN* is inimitable, unmatchable. You cannot find it in other Tobaccos any more than you can find the perfume of the natural rose in a soulless imitation

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1/7 per 2 oz. tin

If you cannot obtain *CRAVEN*, write to our West-End Depot, 55 PICCADILLY, LONDON, W. *CRAVEN* is made by CARRERAS LTD., Arcadia Works, London, E.C. Estd. 1788 and entirely BRITISH



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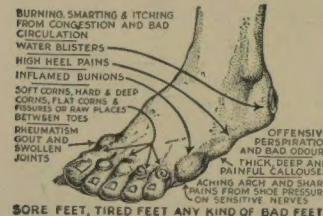
ENGRAVING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
Artistic Designing & Best Workmanship
HERALDRY, ENGLISH & FOREIGN.
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LEO CULLETON, 92, Piccadilly, London.

FOR BAD FOOT TROUBLES.

WHAT SOLDIERS DO FOR CORNS, CALLOUSES, BLISTERS, BUNIONS, &c., AND WHEN FEET SWELL, ACHE, BURN, SMART, AND PERSPIRE.

It is a fact not generally known, but practically all serious foot trouble can be instantly relieved and easily cured by simply resting the feet a few minutes in ordinary saltated water. This softens even the worst corns, so they painlessly come right out, root and all, at the first touch. On account of distance from the heart serious foot disorders are usually due to defective circulation, shoe pressure and consequent irritation at these extremities. The saltated water will



immediately stimulate the circulation, clear out sebaceous and poisonous matter from the clogged pores, render the skin active and healthy, and prevent offensive odours or injurious effects of active perspiration. All chemists keep the common salt at hand, a few ounces of which should prove more than sufficient to immediately end any foot misery for all time and at slight cost. Dissolve about a level tablespoonful in warm water for a foot bath. This produces medicated water similar in composition to that of famous natural curative springs. Among other remarkable qualities, this compound contains elements which actually liberate one cubic foot of free oxygen to the ounce, thus closely approximating the oxygenating effect the famous Naumehi oxygenated water treatment so extensively used at celebrated health resorts for general health, lungs, and especially for chronic gout, etc. Try this refreshing saltated foot-bath after coming in footsoles from tennis or a long walk. You will soon feel like dancing with joy, and your newest, tightest boots become comfortable as oldst.

NOTE.—There has as yet been no rise in the price of this compound, but as in the case of all drugs during the war, a sharp advance is to be expected at any time.

I shall be a great Engineer.

IT is the charm of youth that it dreams its ideals. And the boy who aspires to engineering fame would scorn to use tools unworthy of a master worker.

"Man," said the sage, "is a tool-using animal." He is at his best when his tools are right. Thus it is that all who use the "Swan" Fountpen perform their work more easily and efficiently. It is the master tool of its kind, giving the best service and life-long satisfaction. Everyone has a use for it.

THE SWAN FOUNT PEN.

Sold by all Stationers
and Jewellers.

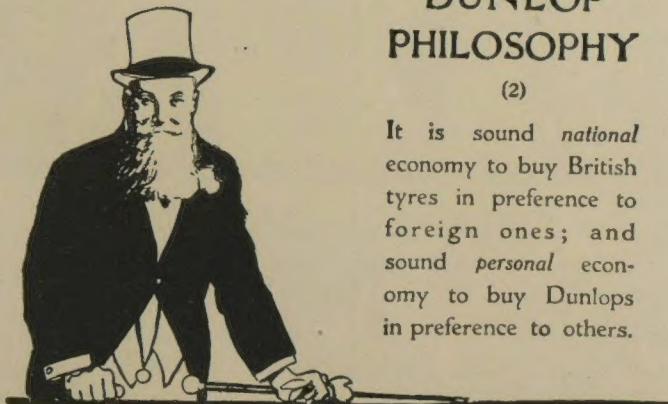
Standard Pattern, from 10/6 up.
Safety Pattern, from 12/6 up.



The above is the finished advertisement of which the rough preparatory plan appeared last week—see the small illustration.

DUNLOP PHILOSOPHY (2)

It is sound *national* economy to buy British tyres in preference to foreign ones; and sound *personal* economy to buy Dunlops in preference to others.



FOR REMOVING ALL SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

DARA

THE RELIABLE HOME TREATMENT
SURE, SAFE AND PAINLESS

A CLIENT WRITES:

Dear Madam.—I am so pleased to tell you the "Dara" Treatment was quite a success, therefore there is no need to make any appointment with you. I must confess I had no faith in the "Dara" when sending for it, which makes my gratitude to you all the more real. I must thank you very much for your wonderful remedy, and remain,

Yours gratefully,

(Original of above, also other Testimonials, can be seen.)

Remove Superfluous Hair Comfortably in your own Home

Prices 10/6 & 21/6 (The larger size contains three times the amount of the smaller)

ADAIR GANESH ESTABLISHMENT 92, NEW BOND STREET, (Oxford St. End) LONDON, W.

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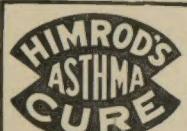
Also PARIS & NEW YORK



If you suffer from Asthma, Catarrh, Ordinary Colds, you will find nothing to equal

HIMROD'S CURE FOR ASTHMA

At all chemists 4/3 a tin.



THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER.

Do not let Grey Hairs appear.

Restores Grey or White Hair to its original colour, where the glands are not destroyed. Prevents Dandruff, and the Hair from coming out. Restores and Strengthens the Hair.

IS NOT A DYE.
Sold Everywhere.



MAJOR RICHARDSON'S
Sentry Dogs (AIREDALES) as supplied
Army in France. 5 gns.
Police Dogs (AIREDALES) for house and
personal guard. 5 gns.; pups, 2 gns.
BLOODHOUNDS, from 20 gns.; pups, 5 gns.
ABERDEEN, SCOTCH, FOX and
TERRIERS, 5 gns.; pups, 2 gns.
GROVE END, HARROW. Tel. 423.



BAILEY'S "CALIBAN" RAM.
Raises water from streams to any height.
Costs nothing to work it.
All kinds of PUMPS in stock for all purposes.
SIR W. H. BAILEY & CO., Ltd., Manchester



KEATING'S KILLS
BUGS FLEAS MOTHS BEETLES

Tins—1" 3" 6" 1"



The Original Preparation for Cleaning and Polishing Cutlery, and all Steel, Iron, Brass, and Copper articles. Sold in Canisters at 3d., 6d., & 1s., by Grocers, Ironmongers, Oilmens, etc.

Woolton Emery and Black Lead Mills, London. D.M.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

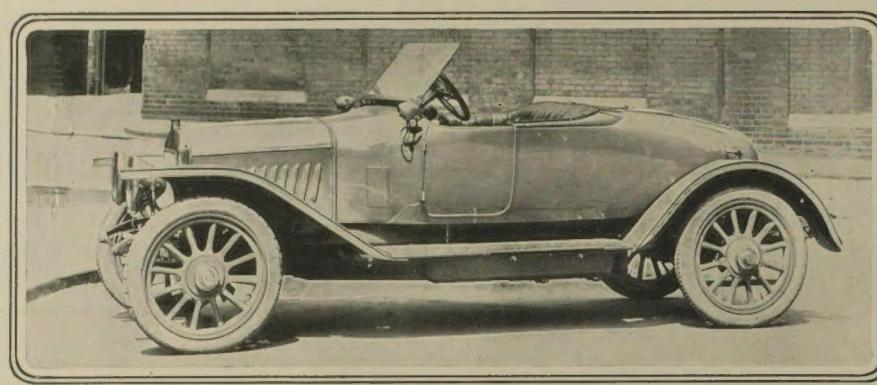
Paraffin as Fuel. With the curtailment of the supplies of petrol, paraffin as a fuel for motor-vehicles looms large on the horizon. The internal-combustion engine is agreeable to work, on an emergency, on gin, whisky, methylated spirits, paraffin, and other vapourising oils, provided some assistance is given it, and to-day the crisis has arisen that calls for man's ingenuity to keep the vehicles on the road, using a minimum of petrol. Recently a demonstration organised by Messrs. S. Smith and Sons, Ltd., to show the capabilities of the Smith-King paraffin carburettor attachment was carried out on some motor-lorries with so great a measure of success that hopes were expressed that it could be adapted for private cars. The principle underlying the employment of paraffin with the Smith-King attachment (I am quoting the inventors' statement) is that, while one of the four spraying-jets is supplied with petrol from a special float-chamber, the other three jets receive their fuel from a separate float-chamber fed from the main paraffin-tank. When the engine-suction is low, when the throttle is only slightly open, petrol vapour alone reaches the combustion-chamber; but as the suction increases the three remaining jets come progressively into action, and a fuel-mixture increasing in its proportion of paraffin to petrol as the throttle opens is supplied automatically. Hot-water jacketing is provided for the paraffin float-chamber and for the mixing-chamber, while the induction branch is heated by means of a jacket to which the exhaust-gases are let by way of a by-pass pipe from the exhaust-pipe.

An Irish Plan. Messrs. Harry Ferguson, Ltd., of Dublin and Belfast, have also successfully used on a variety of makes of cars a mixture of petrol and paraffin in the proportion of two-thirds petrol and one-third paraffin. I had opportunities of testing this and seeing what help had been given to the engine on a recent visit to the Emerald Isle, and it certainly worked splendidly, thereby reducing running expenses and also extending the radius of running by increasing the fuel-supply by one-third. The method of using this paraffin-petrol mixture is to fit a small auxiliary tank for pure petrol, and a two-way valve on the ordinary



DECORATED FOR FRANCE'S DAY: A BABY PEUGEOT.

The gallant spirit of France, which found universal expression on the "Day" recently given in honour of our brave Ally, was to be seen everywhere, even, as shown in our illustration, in the decoration of a shapely "Baby Peugeot" car, with its charming occupants, who did excellent service in adding to the Funds which formed a practical appreciation of the splendid work done by the devoted French Army from the outbreak of the war. The Peugeot car show-rooms are at 10, Brompton Road, S.W.—[Photograph by Birkett.]



A COMPACT AND COMFORTABLE CAR: A TWO-SEATER AUSTIN.

The handsome car shown in our photograph is a two-seater 12-14 h.p. Austin car, thoroughly up to date in every detail, moderate in cost, and comfortable, all of which are invariable features associated with the cars of the well-known Austin Motor Company, Ltd., Northfield Works, Birmingham, and 479-483, Oxford Street, W.

supply-pipe connection to the carburettor, to which the main tank, filled with the two-to-one petrol-paraffin mixture, is connected, and the pure petrol tank. The engine is started up on petrol, and when it and the connections are thoroughly warmed the valve is turned, shutting off the petrol and admitting the mixture only to the carburettor. At the same time, as the mixture requires less air than pure petrol, that supply on some carburetters needs lessening, so as to give a richer gas to the combustion-chamber. As also the fluid mixture is not so volatile as petrol by itself, it requires to have the carburettor and inlet-pipes shielded by a screen of sheet-iron, so as to stop the air blowing directly upon these connections through the radiator. But this is all that has to be done, and I believe the charge for the whole outfit is between £3 and £4. Mr. Croxton, the Dublin partner, told me that the design of the two-way petrol-cock cost them many weeks of work and experimenting so as to find a method of design that entirely prevented the petrol-paraffin mixture "creeping." He at last got one that is perfectly oil-tight, and Ireland is gradually getting all its cars fitted with the Ferguson economic fuel mixture arrangement.

Irish Traders. I suppose England is so accustomed to Ireland asking to act on its own that it was not surprising to find that the Irish division of the Motor Trade Association had

asked the central headquarters in London to be allowed to deal with such trade matters independent of the whole body of English, Scotch, and Welsh traders. Two meetings were held a fortnight ago, one in Dublin and one in Belfast. Mr. Watson presided at the first, and Mr. H. Ferguson at the northern gathering, at which the pros and cons were duly discussed. The President of the M.T.A. (Mr. A. Goodwin), aided by Mr. Noel Mobbett and others from England, attended to show cause why the wielding of the "big stick" should remain solely in the hands of the Council of the M.T.A., on which all divisions are represented. Their arguments that a united policy was the best proved so convincing that the threatened split is averted.—W. W.



THEY ALL SMOKE

Player's Navy Cut

"Beautifully Cool and Sweet Smoking."

TOBACCO.

Player's Gold Leaf Navy Cut - - - PER OUNCE.
Player's Medium Navy Cut - - - } 7 D.
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Player's 'White Label' Navy Cut 6D.

Player's Navy Cut De Luxe - - - 1/6 Per 2-oz. Tin.

CIGARETTES.

Gold Leaf Navy Cut—

Tin of 100	- - - - -	3/8
Tin of 50	- - - - -	I/10

Medium Navy Cut—

Card Box of 100	- - - - -	3/-
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Terms on application to—

JOHN PLAYER & SONS, Nottingham.

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For distribution to wounded British Soldiers and Sailors in Military Hospitals at home and for the Front at Duty Free Prices

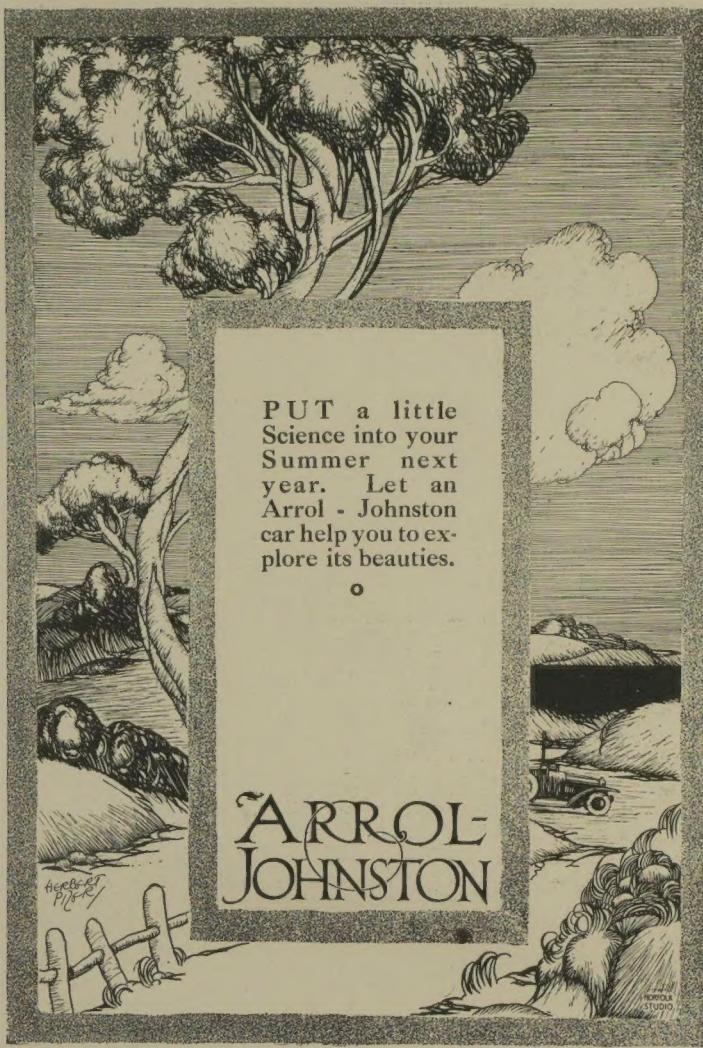
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P.667



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HERBERT PICK
ARROL-JOHNSTON STUDIO

IF you are in doubt as to which car is actually supreme, remember that convincing evidence of supremacy is offered by the manner in which Sunbeam cars have always behaved under difficulties, and by the efficiency of Sunbeam-Coatalen Aircraft Engines on war service.

THE SUPREME SUNBEAM

THE SUNBEAM MOTOR CAR CO., LTD.,
Works: Wolverhampton.
Manchester: 112 Deansgate
London and District Agent for Cars: J. Keele, Ltd., 72, New Bond St., W.
Dunlop Tyres are fitted to Sunbeam Cars as standard.



ONE REASON FOR THE
GREAT ECONOMY OF

B.S.A. MOTOR BICYCLES

is the extreme efficiency of the B.S.A. Counter-shaft Three-speed Gear. This well-known device renders hill climbing with a Sidecar and passenger easy and sure. Its simplicity and unfailing service have earned the highest praise from riders.

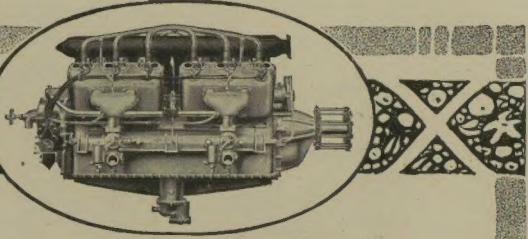
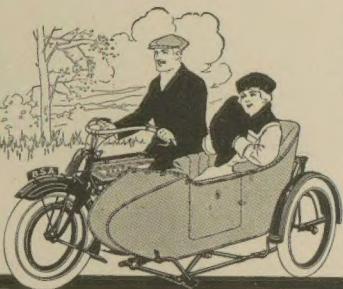
1916 LIST OF B.S.A.
MOTOR BICYCLES
FREE.

THE BIRMINGHAM SMALL ARMS
COMPANY LIMITED,
54, SMALL HEATH,
BIRMINGHAM.

FOR SOLO
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THE MARK OF THE
"PERFECT IN EVERY PART"
MOTOR BICYCLE.



12-CYL. SUNBEAM-COATALEN AIRCRAFT ENGINE.

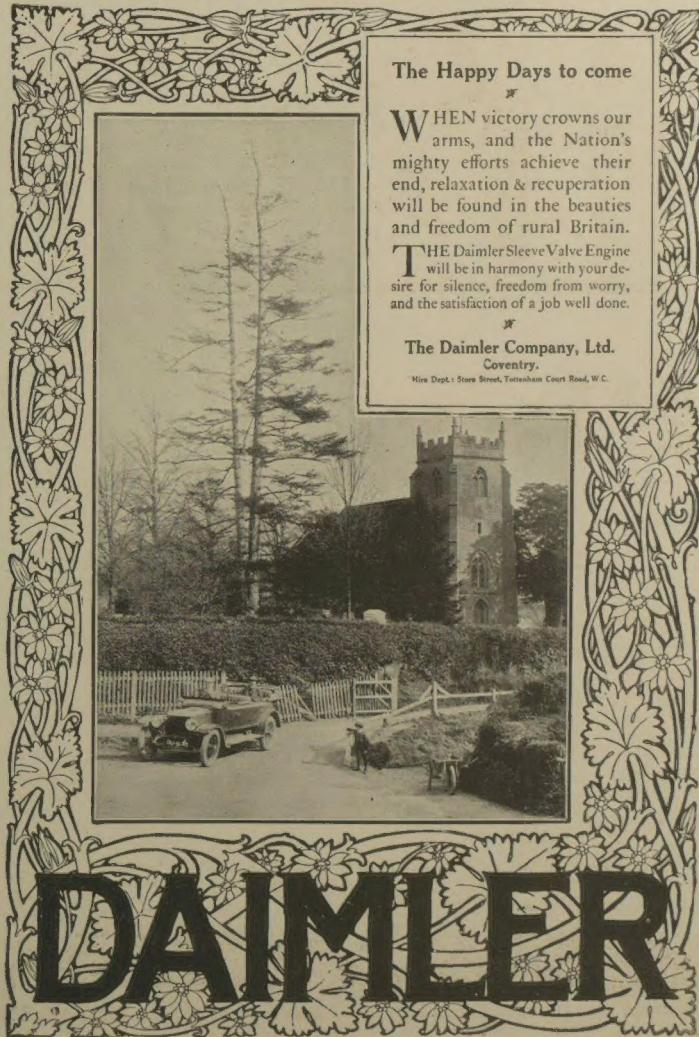
The Happy Days to come

WHEN victory crowns our arms, and the Nation's mighty efforts achieve their end, relaxation & recuperation will be found in the beauties and freedom of rural Britain.

THE Daimler Sleeve Valve Engine will be in harmony with your desire for silence, freedom from worry, and the satisfaction of a job well done.

The Daimler Company, Ltd.
Coventry.

Hire Dept.: Store Street, Tottenham Court Road, W.C.



DAIMLER

LADIES' PAGE.

THERE was an interesting and impressive display of the new work that women are doing in the "Women's War Procession" in London on Saturday last. There appeared representative women station masters, porters, carriage-cleaners, and railway office clerks; omnibus conductors, motor-van drivers, van-guards, and porters; assistants in grocers' and butchers' shops; newspaper-girls; postwomen; farm-workers of many sorts, including plough-women, milkers, sheep-dippers, haymakers, and fruit-pickers; navvies and dock-labourers, and coal-mines pit-head workers; and, most impressive and wonderful, lorries with tableaux showing something of the munition-makers' achievements, from the fine and delicate processes that seem fittest for the handling of the more delicate sex to the lifting and downright hard labour that once we should have thought women incapable of performing. Several hundred women munition-workers walked in the procession, and, a sad but noble sight, amongst them went a number of those whose faces and hands are deep yellow for life from working "T.N.T." our "munition wounded." The war-nurses were absurdly said to be "led by a descendant of Florence Nightingale." Of course, she has no descendants in the ordinary sense, though, spiritually, every brave and capable trained nurse is her daughter; and never was her great life-work more precious than now—as carried on by those children.

Lady doctors alone officer one of the great Military Hospitals in London, with several hundred wounded men in it. It is currently reported that the men wounded in France often express hope to be sent to that hospital, as they have heard how specially comfortable it is; and it is also recorded that on a reporter, visiting the wards, expressing surprise that the hospital had not a man about it except the door-porter (couples of girls do even the stretcher work), he was answered by a patient, a stalwart Highlander, in indignant tones, "And what for should we want a man here?" This is a change indeed from the days—only some forty years ago too—when the male students of Edinburgh Infirmary unanimously refused to enter the wards if women students were admitted, and the *Lancet* congratulated them on their stand, as being "manly in the best sense." The Scotch medical schools, like patients, have now long been "mixed," but this very week it is for the first time announced that women students are to be admitted freely to a London Hospital School—namely, Charing Cross. So completely has enmity vanished before experience in this matter!

It was because the Scotch medical schools had long admitted women that the capable band of doctors and ambulance workers who went to Serbia, with funds raised by the Scottish Women's Suffrage Society, was composed almost entirely of Scotchwomen. They were stopped on the way by a wireless telegram begging them to go to Malta, where a large body of our own wounded from the Dardanelles was in urgent need of surgical and medical aid; and the work that they did there was enthusiastically



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praised by the Governor. Then they went on to Serbia, where several of the party laid down their lives on duty in the raging typhus epidemic. And this week there is a tragic reminder of those sacrifices, for, under the heading "Brothers Killed," the newspapers record that Lieutenant P. Neill Fraser, just lost, was a brother of Miss M. Neill Fraser, the well-known lady golfer, who died last year in Serbia, while acting as one of the nurses of the Scottish party. By a sad coincidence, the same paragraph records the death of the second and last of the sons of Lord St. Davids, both killed in action in the space of about a year. Their beautiful and brilliant mother, the late Lady St. Davids, was better known as Mrs. Wynford Philpotts, under which name she gave generously both money and personal effort to help on women in various ways. Happily, she died shortly before her first boy fell in action.

It is quite heart-breaking to know of such losses and sacrifices as these—so many only sons, only children, or two or even more brothers and other members of families, in the pride of their youth, with their long years of education and up-bringing only just accomplished. No words or thoughts can heal the wounds in the hearts of those left behind. "Reversed our Nature's kindlier doom, His weeping parents bore him to the tomb," as Pope translates Homer's regret for a young warrior. And, apart from the personal overwhelming grief, how much knowledge and what potential wisdom are being wasted amongst the minds that are passing away with their powers and possibilities only half-developed! Yet, sad though that is for this world, perhaps the waste is not so complete as at first appears.

Where nothing is known, why should we not comfort ourselves, if so it may be, by imagination? And I would suggest to the mourning mothers (and I know that they are many) to whom the sense of personal loss is even less a constant pang than is the reflection that he who has been so cruelly snatched away had it in him to do much fine work—perhaps even some great thing—that science, literature, art, wisdom have lost for ever in this premature withdrawal from the world's service of splendid talents unused, that perhaps that mind has but gone to be used more fully and more happily elsewhere. I do not offer this suggestion wholly as a consoling fancy, but as based on a fact which has always seemed to me strange and possibly significant. It is that in history there have so often been great periods, and even great years, when there have come into this world wonderful minds in groups and clusters: so many, of such varied talents, that humanity has gained a marked and lasting advance in the generation to which they came. Perhaps in some other star at this time, the taught, experienced, mentally and morally trained yet unused souls that we are losing here are being born! "But what is that to me, who have lost him from my side?" cries the mother or the widow. But perhaps we may rightly read a mystic meaning into the wonderful phrase, never fully explained: "In my Father's house are many mansions—I go to prepare a place for you."

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